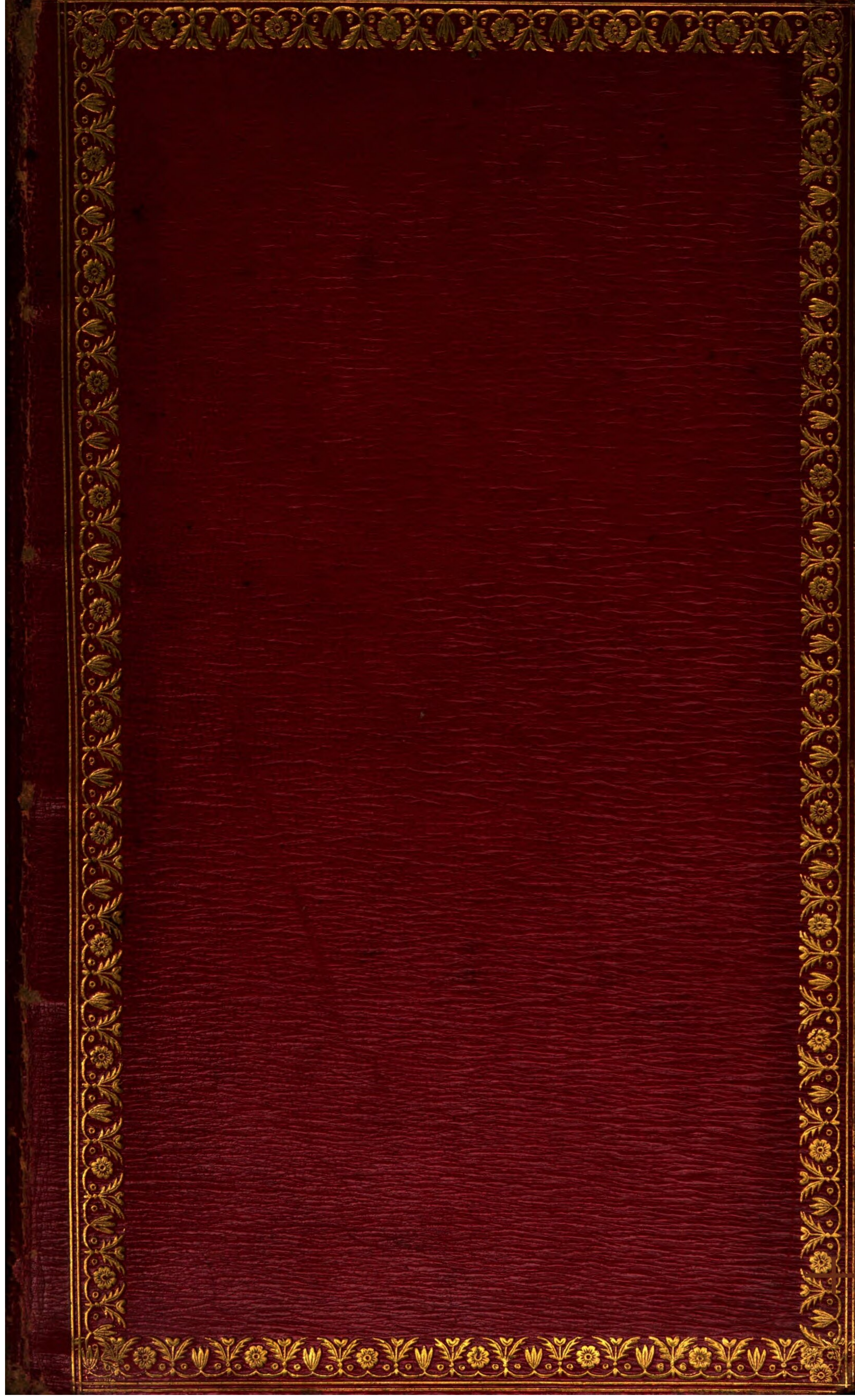




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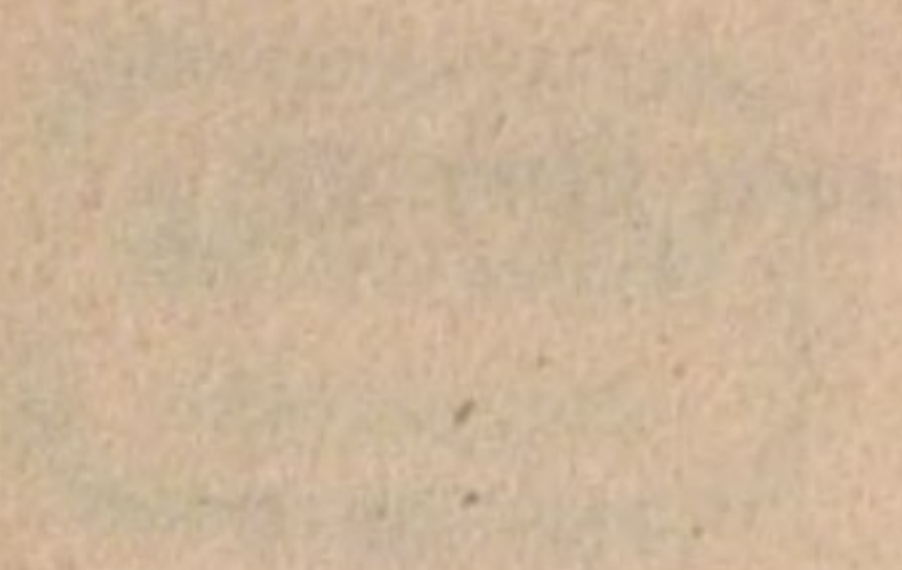
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WORKS

LORD BYRON



LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, 15, BARRINGTON STREET

WINDSOR

25/4/52

dv
THE

WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

MDCCCXXV.

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Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

BY LORD BYRON.

Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
Quel Monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia, e un mare e l'altro, che la bagna.

ARIOSTO, Satira iii.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1818.

Chloroform's Preparation.

CANTO THE FOURTH

BY LORD BYRON.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

T. DAVISON, LOMBARD-STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON.

Venice, January 2, 1818.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ. A. M. F. R. S.

&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of *Childe Harold*, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not

ungrateful—I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long, and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril—to a friend often tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth, and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of

honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery ; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship ; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence, but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my

attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the

objects it would fain describe ; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed

determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined, that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject, are *now* a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer; and the author, who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following Canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us,—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the

language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode,—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—“Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l’ antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima.” Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonti, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara,

Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that “*La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova.*” Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly

heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles and the despair of ages, their still unquenched “longing after immortality,”—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers’ chorus, “Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima,” it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the be-

trayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,

“ Non movero mai corda

“ Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda.”

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to enquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, “ Verily they *will have* their reward,” and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose

real welfare can be dearer to none than to
yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in
its completed state; and repeat once more
how truly I am ever

Your obliged

And affectionate friend,

BYRON.

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FOURTH CANTO

OF

CHILDE HAROLD.

CHILDE HAROLD
OF
FOURTH CANTO

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

CANTO IV.

I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs; (1)
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, thron'd on her hundred isles!

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean, (2)
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increas'd.

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more, (3)
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence : that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy ;
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye :
Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land ; in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the Muse
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse :

VII.

I saw or dreamed of such,—but let them go—
They came like truth, and disappeared like dreams ;
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so :
I could replace them if I would, still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found ;
Let these too go—for waking Reason deems
Such over-weening phantasies unsound,
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
A country with—ay, or without mankind;
Yet, was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause; and should I leave behind
The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well: and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it—if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hopes of being remembered in my line
With my land's language: if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline,—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honoured by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head !
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
“ Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.” (4)
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed :
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a
seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood !
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood (5)
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns— (6)
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lawine loosen'd from the mountain's belt;
Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo! (7)
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass? (8)
Are they *not bridled*?—Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
Her very by-word sprung from victory,
The “ Planter of the Lion,”* which through fire
And blood she bore o’er subject earth and sea;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe’s bulwark ’gainst the Ottomite;
Witness Troy’s rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto’s fight!
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver’d—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declin’d to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals, (9)
Have flung a desolate cloud o’er Venice’ lovely walls.

* *Plant the Lion*—that is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Pianta-leone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,*
Her voice their only ransom from afar :
See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion ! to thee : the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children ; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

* The story is told in Plutarch's life of Nicias.

XVIII.

I lov'd her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Ratcliff, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,*
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
And of the happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:
There are some feelings Time can not benumb,
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

* Venice Preserved; Mysteries of Udolpho; the Ghost-seer, or Armenian; the Merchant of Venice; Othello.

XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow (10)
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddyng storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, grey, granite, into life it came,
And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
Even by the sufferer ; and, in each event
Ends :—Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd,
Return to whence they came—with like intent,
And weave their web again ; some, bow'd and bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant ;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb :

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued ;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever : it may be a sound—
A tone of music,—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound ;

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

XXV.

But my soul wanders; I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea,

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desart, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which can not be defaced.

XXVII.

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still (11)
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name (12)
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died; (13)
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further ; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;
It hath no flatterers ; vanity can give
No hollow aid ; alone—man with his God must strive :

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair (14)
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestin'd to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV.

Ferrara ! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
Hark to his strain ! and then survey his cell !
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell :
The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plung'd it. (Glory without end
Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name attend)

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time ; while thine
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
Is shaken into nothing ; but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
Alfonso ! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee ! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn :

XXXVIII.

Thou! form'd to eat, and be despis'd, and die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty :
He! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,
Which emanated then, and dazzles now
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire ;
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow (15)
No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire!

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injur'd shade ! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows ; but to miss.
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song !
Each year brings forth its millions ; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combin'd and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine ? though all in one
Condens'd their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.

XL.

Great as thou art, yet paralleled by those,
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose
The Tuscan father's comedy divine;
Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust (16)
The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves (17)
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below (18)
Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred now.

XLII.

Italia ! oh Italia ! thou who hast ⁽¹⁹⁾
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and could'st claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress ;

XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal ; or, less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord
For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,
Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
Down the deep Alps ; nor would the hostile horde
Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water ; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.

XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him, (20)
The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,
The friend of Tully : as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
And Corinth on the left ; I lay reclined
Along the prow, and saw all these unite
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight ;

XLV.

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
Barbaric dwellings on their shattered site,
Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd
The few last rays of their far-scattered light,
And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.
The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
These sepulchres of cities, which excite
Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage,

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
His country's ruin added to the mass
Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,
And I in desolation: all that *was*
Of then destruction *is*; and now, alas!
Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,
In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
The skeleton of her Titanic form, (21)
Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

XLVII.

Yet, Italy! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;
Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
Parent of our Religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills (22)
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould;

L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes:
Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan Shepherd's
prize.

LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! (23) while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn!

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but the weight
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!
We can recal such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable:
I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie (24)
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relaps'd to chaos:—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his, (25)
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth, return'd to whence it rose. (26)

LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!
Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin:—thy decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay
Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay
In death as life? Are they resolv'd to dust,
And have their country's marbles nought to say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar, (27)
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore; (28)
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages; and the crown (29)
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.

LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed (30)
His dust,—and lies it not her Great among,
With many a sweet and solemn requiem breath'd
O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue?
That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech? No ;—even his tomb
Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,
No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom*!

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust ;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more :
Happier Ravenna ! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire ! honoured sleeps
The immortal exile ;—Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps.

LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones? (31)
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
Of merchant-dukes? the momentary dews
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,
Are gently prest with far more reverent tread
Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;
There be more marvels yet—but not for mine;
For I have been accustomed to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
Than Art in galleries: though a work divine
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er,

LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the phrenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reel'd unheededly away ! (32)
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet ;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet !

LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw
The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,
In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave (33)
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !
And most serene of aspect, and most clear ;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place !
If through the air a zephyr more serene'
Win to the brow, 'tis his ; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX.

The roar of waters !—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;
The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale:—Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract, (34)

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge, (35)
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,
The infant Alps, which—had I not before
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar
The thundering lawine—might be worshipp'd more; (36)
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and near,
And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

LXXIV.

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name
And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,
For still they soared unutterably high:
I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
All, save the lone Soracte's height, displayed
Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
May he, who will, his recollections rake
And quote in classic raptures, and awake
The hills with Latian echoes; I abhor'd
Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word (37)
In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

LXXVI.

Aught that recals the daily drug which turn'd
My sickening memory ; and, though Time hath taught
My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health ; but what it then detested, still abhor.

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace ; whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine ; it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

LXXVIII.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires ! and controul
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ; (38)
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress !

LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desart, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! (39) and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictur'd page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel, (40)
Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue
Thy country's foes ere thou would pause to feel
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy frown
Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine
To what would one day dwindle that which made
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
She who was named Eternal, and array'd
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,
Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hail'd!

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell; he
Too swept off senates while he hewed the throne
Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
What crimes it costs to be a moment free
And famous through all ages! but beneath
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
His day of double victory and death
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former course
Had all but crown'd him, on the selfsame day
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay. (41)
And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and sway,
And all we deem delightful, and consume
Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in (42)
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
At thy bath'd base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome ! (43)
She-wolf ! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest :—Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's etherial dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget ?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost ;—but all thy foster-babes are dead—
The men of iron ; and the world hath rear'd
Cities from out their sepulchres : men bled
In imitation of the things they fear'd,
And fought and conquer'd, and the same course steer'd,
At apish distance ; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

XC.

✓ The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould, (44)
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd,

XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd! But the man
Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee,
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be
A listener to itself, was strangely fram'd;
With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
Coquettish in ambition—still he aim'd—
At what? can he avouch—or answer what he claim'd?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
For the sure grave to level him; few years
Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
On whom we tread: For *this* the conqueror rears
The arch of triumph! and for this the tears
And blood of earth flow on as they have flowed,
An universal deluge, which appears
Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
And ebbs but to reflow!—Renew thy rainbow, God!

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail, (45)
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;
Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much
light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same arena where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker—but of things allowed,
Averr'd, and known,—and daily, hourly seen—
The yoke that is upon us doubly bowed,
And the intent of tyranny avowed,
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the throne;
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind ;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind ;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North ;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days, (46)
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown ;—
What was this tower of strength ? within its cave
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid ?—A woman's grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tombed in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
So honoured—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? such have been,
Even in the olden time Rome's annals say.
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the affections are.

CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bowed
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weighed upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed (47)
A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red,

CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver grey
On her long tresses, which might yet recal,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome——But whither would Conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife; Behold his love or pride!

CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
Thou tomb ! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind ;
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind ;

CV.

And from the planks, far shattered o'er the rocks,
Built me a little bark of hope, once more
To battle with the ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
Which rushes on the solitary shore
Where all lies foundered that was ever dear :
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer ?
There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owlet's cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answering each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening grey and bright,
And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number mine.

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, chok'd up vaults, and frescos steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight :—Temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reap'd
From her research hath been, that these are walls—
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.*

* The Palatine is one mass of ruins, particularly on the side towards the Circus Maximus. The very soil is formed of crumbled brick-work. Nothing has been told, nothing can be

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales; (48)
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
Where gorgeous Tyranny had thus amass'd
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words!
draw near,

CIX.

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep,—for here
There is such matter for all feeling:—Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd!
Where are its golden roofs? where those who dared to build?

told, to satisfy the belief of any but a Roman antiquary.—See
—Historical Illustrations, page 206.

CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus or Trajan's? No—'tis that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime, (49)

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars: they had contain'd
A spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth reign'd,
The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd,
But yielded back his conquests:—he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd
With household blood and wine, serenely wore
His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore. (50)

CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd;
But long before had Freedom's face been veil'd,
And Anarchy assumed her attributes;
Till every lawless soldier who assail'd
Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree (51)
Of Freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The forum's champion, and the people's chief—
Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.

CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart (52)
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

CXVI.

~ The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep,

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled ; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
~ The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies.

CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy?

CXX.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

CXXI.

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd—wearied—wrung
—and riven.

CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation :—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized ?
In him alone. Can Nature shew so fair ?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again ?

CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still ; as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most undone.

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

CXXV.

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
Envenomed with irrevocable wrong;
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all have trod.

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
This uneradicable taint of sin,
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see—
And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base (53)
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought—our last and only place
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine:
Though from our birth the faculty divine
Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX.

Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift:

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate:—
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not have worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Lost the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis! (54)
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less near—in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and
must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurr'd
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd
With a just weapon, it had flowed unbound;
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,
Which if *I* have not taken for the sake——
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain,
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie: (55)
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who
won.

CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday— (56)
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

CXLII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam ;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;
Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd, (57)
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared ;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared ?
Alas ! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared :
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the grey walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ; (58)
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead :
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

CXLV.

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ; (59)
“ When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
“ And when Rome falls—the World.” From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient ; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all ;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time; (60)
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honoured forms, whose busts around them
close. (61)

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light (62)
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
It is not so; I see them full and plain—
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar:—but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain was Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no
such tide.

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on high, (63)
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth
His shrunken ashes raise this dome: How smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!

CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome, (64)
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackall in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
All musical in its immensities ;
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine: Our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending:—Vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath array'd
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas
wrought.

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past?
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
He is no more—these breathings are his last;
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
And he himself as nothing:—if he was
Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,
And spreads the dim and universal pall
Through which all things grow phantoms; and the cloud
Between us sinks and all which ever glowed,
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays
A melancholy halo scarce allowed
To hover on the verge of darkness; rays
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolv'd to something less than this
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear,—but never more,
Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was gore.

CLXVII.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions ! How we did entrust
Futurity to her ! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherds' eyes :—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate (65)
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny ; but no,
Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe ;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there* !
How many ties did that stern moment tear !
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.

CLXXIII.

(66) Lo, Nemi ! navelled in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake ;
And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley ;—and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,
“ Arms and the Man,” whose re-ascending star
Rose o'er an empire ;—but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome ;—and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight. (67)

CLXXV.

But I forget.—My pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done ;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea ;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we followed on till the dark Euxine roll'd

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—
Long, though not very many, since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
We have had our reward—and it is here;
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

CLXXVII.

Oh! that the Desart were my dwelling place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to desarts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell !
Ye ! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell ;
Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain !

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TO

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, CANTO IV.

Stanza I.

*I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand.*

THE communication between the Ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons, called "pozzi," or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the palace; and the prisoner when taken out to die was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walled up; but the passage is still open, and is still known by the

name of the Bridge of Sighs. The pozzi are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. They were formerly twelve, but on the first arrival of the French, the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. You may still, however, descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes, half choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there; scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may perhaps owe some-

thing to recent ingenuity. Some of the detained appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body, not only from their signatures, but from the churches and belfries which they have scratched upon the walls. The reader may not object to see a specimen of the records prompted by so terrific a solitude. As nearly as they could be copied by more than one pencil, three of them are as follows:

1.

NON TI FIDAR AD ALCUNO PENSA e TACI
SE FUGIR VUOI DE SPIONI INSIDIE e LACCI
IL PENTIRTI PENTIRTI NULLA GIOVA
MA BEN DI VALOR TUO LA VERA PROVA

1607. ADI 2. GENARO. FUI RE-
TENTO P' LA BESTIEMMA P' AVER DATO
DA MANZAR A UN MORTO

IACOMO . GRITTI. SCRISSE.

2.

UN PARLAR POCHO et
NEGARE PRONTO et
UN PENSAR AL FINE PUO DARE LA VITA
A NOI ALTRI MESCHINI

1605

EGO IOHN BAPTISTA AD
ECCLESIAM CORTELLARIUS.

3.

DE CHI MI FIDO GUARDAMI DIO

DE CHI NON MI FIDO MI GUARDARO IO

^A
V. LA S^{TA}. C^H. K^A. R^{NA}.

The copyist has followed, not corrected the solecisms; some of which are however not quite so decided, since the letters were evidently scratched in the dark. It only need be observed, that *Bestemmia* and *Mangiar* may be read in the first inscription, which was probably written by a prisoner confined for some act of impiety committed at a funeral: that *Cortellarius* is the name of a parish on terra firma, near the sea: and that the last initials evidently are put for *Viva la santa Chiesa Kattolica Romana*.

Stanza II.

*She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean
Rising, with her tiara of proud towers.*

An old writer, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true.

“*Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contempletur, tur-*

ritam telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspicere¹."

Stanza III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more.

The well known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas, from Tasso's Jerusalem, has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original on one column, and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found. The following extract will serve to shew the difference between the Tuscan epic and the "Canta alla Barcariola."

Original.

Canto l' arme pietose, e 'l capitano
 Che 'l gran Sepolcro liberò di Cristo.
 Molto egli oprò col senno, e con la mano
 Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto ;
 E in van l' Inferno a lui s' oppose, e in vano
 S' armo d' Asia, e di Libia il popol misto,
 Che il Ciel gli diè favore, e sotto a i Santi
 Segni ridusse i suoi compagni erranti.

¹ Marci Antonii Sabelli de Venetæ Urbis situ narratio, edit. Taurin. 1527, lib. i. fol. 202.

Venetian.

L' arme pietose de cantar gho vogia,
 E de Goffredo la immortal braura
 Che al fin l' ha libera co strassia, e dogia
 Del nostro buon Gesù la Sepoltura
 De mezo mondo unito, e de quel Bogia
 Missier Pluton no l' ha bu mai paura :
 Dio l' ha agiutá, e i compagni sparpagnai
 Tutti 'l gh' i ha messi insieme i di del Dai.

Some of the elder gondoliers will, however, take up and continue a stanza of their once familiar bard.

On the 7th of last January, the author of *Childe Harold*, and another Englishman, the writer of this notice, rowed to the Lido with two singers, one of whom was a carpenter, and the other a gondolier. The former placed himself at the prow, the latter at the stern of the boat. A little after leaving the quay of the Piazzetta, they began to sing, and continued their exercise until we arrived at the island. They gave us, amongst other essays, the death of Clorinda, and the palace of Armida; and did not sing the Venetian, but the Tuscan verses. The carpenter, however, who was the cleverer of the two, and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion, told us that he could *translate* the original. He added, that he could sing almost three hundred

stanzas, but had not spirits, (*morbin* was the word he used), to learn any more, or to sing what he already knew: a man must have idle time on his hands to acquire, or to repeat, and, said the poor fellow, "look at my clothes and at me, I am starving." This speech was more affecting than his performance, which habit alone can make attractive. The recitative was shrill, screaming, and monotonous, and the gondolier behind assisted his voice by holding his hand to one side of his mouth. The carpenter used a quiet action, which he evidently endeavoured to restrain; but was too much interested in his subject altogether to repress. From these men we learnt that singing is not confined to the gondoliers, and that, although the chant is seldom, if ever, voluntary, there are still several amongst the lower classes who are acquainted with a few stanzas.

It does not appear that it is usual for the performers to row and sing at the same time. Although the verses of the Jerusalem are no longer casually heard, there is yet much music upon the Venetian canals; and upon holidays, those strangers who are not near or informed enough to distinguish the words, may fancy that many of the gondolas still resound with the strains of Tasso. The writer of some remarks which appeared in the *Curiosities of Literature* must excuse his being twice quoted; for, with

the exception of some phrases a little too ambitious and extravagant, he has furnished a very exact, as well as agreeable, description.

“In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline:—at least, after taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso. I must add, that the late Mr. Berry once chanted to me a passage in Tasso in the manner, as he assured me, of the gondoliers.

“There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the *canto fermo* and the *canto figurato*; it approaches to the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

“I entered a gondola by moonlight; one singer placed himself forwards, and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. Giorgio. One began the song: when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same notes invariably returned, but, according to the subject matter

of the strophe, they laid a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe as the object of the poem altered.

“ On the whole, however, the sounds were hoarse and screaming: they seemed, in the manner of all rude uncivilized men, to make the excellency of their singing in the force of their voice: one seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs; and so far from receiving delight from this scene (shut up as I was in the box of the gondola), I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

“ My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still and hearkened to the one and to the other.

“ Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from far, and called forth the attention;

the quickly succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas, that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and amidst all these circumstances it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

“ It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare, the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror, and as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers: a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

“ At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly

unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse; though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue; the hearers, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

“This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfils its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organized person, said quite unexpectedly: *e singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto più quando lo cantano meglio.*

“I was told that the women of Libo, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagouns,¹ particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocca and Palestrina, sing in like manner the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

“They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the

¹ The writer meant *Lido*, which is not a long row of islands, but a long island: *littus*, the shore.

evenings and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance."¹

The love of music and of poetry distinguishes all classes of Venetians, even amongst the tuneful sons of Italy. The city itself can occasionally furnish respectable audiences for two and even three opera-houses at a time; and there are few events in private life that do not call forth a printed and circulated sonnet. Does a physician or a lawyer take his degree, or a clergyman preach his maiden sermon, has a surgeon performed an operation, would a harlequin announce his departure or his benefit, are you to be congratulated on a marriage, or a birth, or a lawsuit, the Muses are invoked to furnish the same number of syllables, and the individual triumphs blaze abroad in virgin white or party-coloured placards on half the corners of the capital. The last curtsey of a favourite "prima donna" brings down a shower of these poetical tributes from those upper regions, from which, in our theatres, nothing but cupids and snow storms are accustomed to descend. There is a poetry in the very life of a Venetian, which, in its common

¹ [Curiosities of Literature, vol. ii. p. 156. edit. 1807; and Appendix xxix. to Black's Life of Tasso.]

course, is varied with those surprises and changes so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence; amusements are raised into duties, duties are softened into amusements, and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity. The Venetian gazette constantly closes its columns with the following triple advertisement.

Charade.

Exposition of the most Holy Sacrament in the church
of St. ———

Theatres.

St. Moses, opera

St. Benedict, a comedy of characters.

St. Luke, repose.

When it is recollected what the Catholics believe their consecrated wafer to be, we may perhaps think it worthy of a more respectable niche than between poetry and the playhouse.

Stanza X.

Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.

The answer of the mother of Brasidas to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

Stanza XI.

*St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, —*

The lion has lost nothing by his journey to the Invalides, but the gospel which supported the paw that is now on a level with the other foot. The horses also are returned to the ill-chosen spot whence they set out, and are, as before, half hidden under the porch window of St. Mark's church.

Their history, after a desperate struggle, has been satisfactorily explored. The decisions and doubts of Erizzo and Zanetti, and lastly, of the Count Leopold Cicognara, would have given them a Roman extraction, and a pedigree not more ancient than the reign of Nero. But M. de Schlegel stepped in to teach the Venetians the value of their own treasures, and a Greek vindicated, at last and for ever, the pretension of his countrymen to this noble produc-

tion.¹ Mr. Mustoxidi has not been left without a reply; but, as yet, he has received no answer. It should seem that the horses are irrevocably Chian, and were transferred to Constantinople by Theodosius. Lapidary writing is a favourite play of the Italians, and has conferred reputation on more than one of their literary characters. One of the best specimens of Bodoni's typography is a respectable volume of inscriptions, all written by his friend Paciaudi. Several were prepared for the recovered horses. It is to be hoped the best was not selected, when the following words were ranged in gold letters above the cathedral porch.

QUATUOR . EQUORUM . SIGNA . A . VENETIS . BYZANTIO .
CAPTA . AD . TEMP . D . MAR . A . R . S . MCCIV . POSITA .
QUÆ . HOSTILIS . CUPIDITAS . A . MDCCIIIC . ABSTULERAT .
FRANC . I . IMP . PACIS . ORBI . DATÆ . TROPHÆUM .
A . MDCCCXV . VICTOR . REDUXIT.

Nothing shall be said of the Latin, but it may be permitted to observe, that the injustice of the Venetians in transporting the horses from Constantinople was at least equal to that of the French in carrying them to Paris, and that it would have been

¹ Sui quattro cavalli della Basilica di S. Marco in Venezia. Lettera di Andrea Mustoxidi Corcirese. Padua per Bettoni e compag. . . . 1816.

more prudent to have avoided all allusions to either robbery. An apostolic prince should, perhaps, have objected to affixing over the principal entrance of a metropolitan church, an inscription having a reference to any other triumphs than those of religion. Nothing less than the pacification of the world can excuse such a solecism.

Stanza XII.

*The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns,
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt.*

After many vain efforts on the part of the Italians entirely to throw off the yoke of Frederic Barbarossa, and as fruitless attempts of the Emperor to make himself absolute master throughout the whole of his Cisalpine dominions, the bloody struggles of four and twenty years were happily brought to a close in the city of Venice. The articles of a treaty had been previously agreed upon between Pope Alexander III. and Barbarossa, and the former having received a safe conduct, had already arrived at Venice from Ferrara, in company with the ambassadors of the king of Sicily and the consuls of the Lombard league. There still remained, however, many points to adjust, and for several days the peace was believed to be impracticable. At this juncture it was suddenly reported that the Emperor had arrived at Chioza,

a town fifteen miles from the capital. The Venetians rose tumultuously, and insisted upon immediately conducting him to the city. The Lombards took the alarm, and departed towards Treviso. The Pope himself was apprehensive of some disaster if Frederic should suddenly advance upon him, but was reassured by the prudence and address of Sebastian Ziani, the doge. Several embassies passed between Chioza and the capital, until, at last, the Emperor relaxing somewhat of his pretensions, "laid aside his leonine ferocity, and put on the mildness of the lamb."¹

On Saturday the 23d of July, in the year 1177, six Venetian galleys transferred Frederic, in great pomp, from Chioza to the island of Lido, a mile from Venice. Early the next morning the Pope, accompanied by the Sicilian ambassadors, and by the envoys of Lombardy, whom he had recalled from the main land, together with a great concourse of people, repaired from the patriarchal palace to Saint Mark's church, and solemnly absolved the Emperor and his partisans from the excommunication pronounced against him. The Chancellor of the Em-

¹ "Quibus auditis, imperator, operante eo, qui corda principum sicut vult et quando vult humiliter inclinatur, leonina feritate deposita, ovinam mansuetudinem induit." Romualdi Salernitani. Chronicon. apud. Script. Rer. Ital. Tom. VII. p. 229.

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolv'd to something less than this
Its wretched essence ; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear,—but never more,
Oh, happier thought ! can we be made the same :
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was gore.

CLXVII.

Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound ;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did entrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well:
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate (65)
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny ; but no,
Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe ;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there* !
How many ties did that stern moment tear !
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.

CLXXIII.

(66) Lo, Nemi ! navelled in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake ;
And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley ;—and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,
“ Arms and the Man,” whose re-ascending star
Rose o'er an empire ;—but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome ;—and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight. (67)

CLXXV.

But I forget.—My pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done ;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea ;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we followed on till the dark Euxine roll'd

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—
Long, though not very many, since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
We have had our reward—and it is here;
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

CLXXVII.

Oh! that the Desart were my dwelling place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to desarts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo ; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell !
Ye ! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell ;
Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain !

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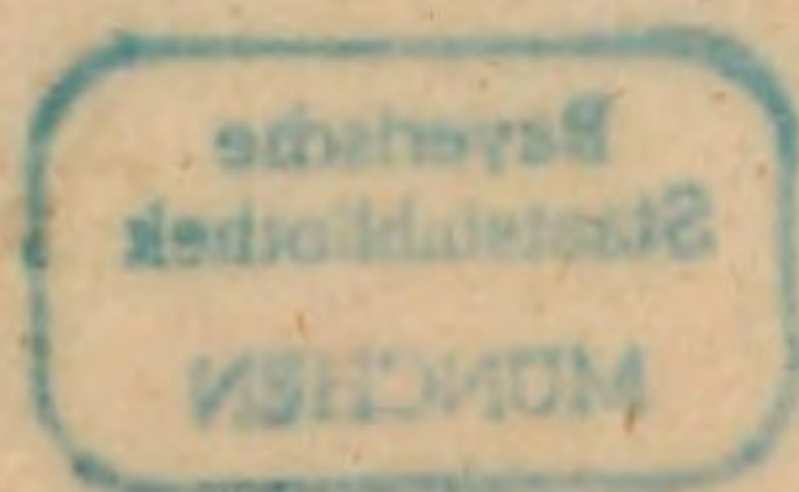
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TO

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, CANTO IV.

Stanza I.

*I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand.*

THE communication between the Ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons, called "pozzi," or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the palace; and the prisoner when taken out to die was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walled up; but the passage is still open, and is still known by the

name of the Bridge of Sighs. The pozzi are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. They were formerly twelve, but on the first arrival of the French, the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. You may still, however, descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes, half choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there; scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may perhaps owe some-

thing to recent ingenuity. Some of the detained appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body, not only from their signatures, but from the churches and belfries which they have scratched upon the walls. The reader may not object to see a specimen of the records prompted by so terrific a solitude. As nearly as they could be copied by more than one pencil, three of them are as follows:

1.

NON TI FIDAR AD ALCUNO PENSA e TACI
SE FUGIR VUOI DE SPIONI INSIDIE e LACCI
IL PENTIRTI PENTIRTI NULLA GIOVA
MA BEN DI VALOR TUO LA VERA PROVA

1607. ADI 2. GENARO. FUI RE-
TENTO P' LA BESTIEMMA P' AVER DATO
DA MANZAR A UN MORTO

IACOMO . GRITTI. SCRISSE.

2.

UN PARLAR POCHO et
NEGARE PRONTO et
UN PENSAR AL FINE PUO DARE LA VITA
A NOI ALTRI MESCHINI

1605

EGO IOHN BAPTISTA AD
ECCLESIAM CORTELLARIUS.

3.

DE CHI MI FIDO GUARDAMI DIO

DE CHI NON MI FIDO MI GUARDARO IO

^AV. LA S^{TA}. C^H. K^A. R^{NA}.

The copyist has followed, not corrected the solecisms; some of which are however not quite so decided, since the letters were evidently scratched in the dark. It only need be observed, that *Bestemmia* and *Mangiar* may be read in the first inscription, which was probably written by a prisoner confined for some act of impiety committed at a funeral: that *Cortellarius* is the name of a parish on terra firma, near the sea: and that the last initials evidently are put for *Viva la santa Chiesa Kattolica Romana*.

Stanza II.

*She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean
Rising, with her tiara of proud towers.*

An old writer, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true.

“ Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contempletur, tur-

ritam telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspicere¹."

Stanza III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more.

The well known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas, from Tasso's Jerusalem, has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original on one column, and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found. The following extract will serve to shew the difference between the Tuscan epic and the "Canta alla Barcariola."

Original.

Canto l' arme pietose, e 'l capitano
 Che 'l gran Sepolcro liberò di Cristo.
 Molto egli oprò col senno, e con la mano
 Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto;
 E in van l' Inferno a lui s' oppose, e in vano
 S' armo d' Asia, e di Libia il popol misto,
 Che il Ciel gli diè favore, e sotto a i Santi
 Segni ridusse i suoi compagni erranti.

¹ Marci Antonii Sabelli de Venetæ Urbis situ narratio, edit. Taurin. 1527, lib. i. fol. 202.

Venetian.

L' arme pietose de cantar gho vogia,
 E de Goffredo la immortal braura
 Che al fin l' ha libera co strassia, e dogia
 Del nostro buon Gesù là Sepoltura
 De mezo mondo unito, e de quel Bogia
 Missier Pluton no l' ha bu mai paura :
 Dio l' ha agiutá, e i compagni sparpagnai
 Tutti 'l gh' i ha messi insieme i di del Dai.

Some of the elder gondoliers will, however, take up and continue a stanza of their once familiar bard.

On the 7th of last January, the author of *Childe Harold*, and another Englishman, the writer of this notice, rowed to the Lido with two singers, one of whom was a carpenter, and the other a gondolier. The former placed himself at the prow, the latter at the stern of the boat. A little after leaving the quay of the Piazzetta, they began to sing, and continued their exercise until we arrived at the island. They gave us, amongst other essays, the death of Clorinda, and the palace of Armida; and did not sing the Venetian, but the Tuscan verses. The carpenter, however, who was the cleverer of the two, and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion, told us that he could *translate* the original. He added, that he could sing almost three hundred

stanzas, but had not spirits, (*morbin* was the word he used), to learn any more, or to sing what he already knew: a man must have idle time on his hands to acquire, or to repeat, and, said the poor fellow, "look at my clothes and at me, I am starving." This speech was more affecting than his performance, which habit alone can make attractive. The recitative was shrill, screaming, and monotonous, and the gondolier behind assisted his voice by holding his hand to one side of his mouth. The carpenter used a quiet action, which he evidently endeavoured to restrain; but was too much interested in his subject altogether to repress. From these men we learnt that singing is not confined to the gondoliers, and that, although the chant is seldom, if ever, voluntary, there are still several amongst the lower classes who are acquainted with a few stanzas.

It does not appear that it is usual for the performers to row and sing at the same time. Although the verses of the Jerusalem are no longer casually heard, there is yet much music upon the Venetian canals; and upon holidays, those strangers who are not near or informed enough to distinguish the words, may fancy that many of the gondolas still resound with the strains of Tasso. The writer of some remarks which appeared in the *Curiosities of Literature* must excuse his being twice quoted; for, with

the exception of some phrases a little too ambitious and extravagant, he has furnished a very exact, as well as agreeable, description.

“In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline:—at least, after taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso. I must add, that the late Mr. Berry once chanted to me a passage in Tasso in the manner, as he assured me, of the gondoliers.

“There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the *canto fermo* and the *canto figurato*; it approaches to the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

“I entered a gondola by moonlight; one singer placed himself forwards, and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. Georgio. One began the song: when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same notes invariably returned, but, according to the subject matter

of the strophe, they laid a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe as the object of the poem altered.

“ On the whole, however, the sounds were hoarse and screaming: they seemed, in the manner of all rude uncivilized men, to make the excellency of their singing in the force of their voice: one seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs; and so far from receiving delight from this scene (shut up as I was in the box of the gondola), I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

“ My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still and hearkened to the one and to the other.

“ Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from far, and called forth the attention;

the quickly succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas, that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and amidst all these circumstances it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

“It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare, the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror, and as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers: a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

“At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly

unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse; though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue; the hearers, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

“This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfils its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organized person, said quite unexpectedly: *e singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto più quando lo cantano meglio.*

“I was told that the women of Libo, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagouns,¹ particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocca and Palestrina, sing in like manner the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

“They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the

¹ The writer meant *Lido*, which is not a long row of islands, but a long island: *littus*, the shore.

evenings and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance."¹

The love of music and of poetry distinguishes all classes of Venetians, even amongst the tuneful sons of Italy. The city itself can occasionally furnish respectable audiences for two and even three opera-houses at a time; and there are few events in private life that do not call forth a printed and circulated sonnet. Does a physician or a lawyer take his degree, or a clergyman preach his maiden sermon, has a surgeon performed an operation, would a harlequin announce his departure or his benefit, are you to be congratulated on a marriage, or a birth, or a lawsuit, the Muses are invoked to furnish the same number of syllables, and the individual triumphs blaze abroad in virgin white or party-coloured placards on half the corners of the capital. The last curtsey of a favourite "prima donna" brings down a shower of these poetical tributes from those upper regions, from which, in our theatres, nothing but cupids and snow storms are accustomed to descend. There is a poetry in the very life of a Venetian, which, in its common

¹ [Curiosities of Literature, vol. ii. p. 156. edit. 1807; and Appendix xxix. to Black's Life of Tasso.]

course, is varied with those surprises and changes so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence; amusements are raised into duties, duties are softened into amusements, and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity. The Venetian gazette constantly closes its columns with the following triple advertisement.

Charade.

Exposition of the most Holy Sacrament in the church
of St. ———

Theatres.

St. Moses, opera

St. Benedict, a comedy of characters.

St. Luke, repose.

When it is recollected what the Catholics believe their consecrated wafer to be, we may perhaps think it worthy of a more respectable niche than between poetry and the playhouse.

Stanza X.

Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.

The answer of the mother of Brasidas to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

Stanza XI.

*St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, —*

The lion has lost nothing by his journey to the Invalides, but the gospel which supported the paw that is now on a level with the other foot. The horses also are returned to the ill-chosen spot whence they set out, and are, as before, half hidden under the porch window of St. Mark's church.

Their history, after a desperate struggle, has been satisfactorily explored. The decisions and doubts of Erizzo and Zanetti, and lastly, of the Count Leopold Cicognara, would have given them a Roman extraction, and a pedigree not more ancient than the reign of Nero. But M. de Schlegel stepped in to teach the Venetians the value of their own treasures, and a Greek vindicated, at last and for ever, the pretension of his countrymen to this noble produc-

tion.¹ Mr. Mustoxidi has not been left without a reply; but, as yet, he has received no answer. It should seem that the horses are irrevocably Chian, and were transferred to Constantinople by Theodosius. Lapidary writing is a favourite play of the Italians, and has conferred reputation on more than one of their literary characters. One of the best specimens of Bodoni's typography is a respectable volume of inscriptions, all written by his friend Paciaudi. Several were prepared for the recovered horses. It is to be hoped the best was not selected, when the following words were ranged in gold letters above the cathedral porch.

QUATUOR . EQUORUM . SIGNA . A . VENETIS . BYZANTIO .
CAPTA . AD . TEMP . D . MAR . A . R . S . MCCIV . POSITA .
QUÆ . HOSTILIS . CUPIDITAS . A . MDCCIIIC . ABSTULERAT .
FRANC . I . IMP . PACIS . ORBI . DATÆ . TROPHÆUM .
A . MDCCCXV . VICTOR . REDUXIT.

Nothing shall be said of the Latin, but it may be permitted to observe, that the injustice of the Venetians in transporting the horses from Constantinople was at least equal to that of the French in carrying them to Paris, and that it would have been

¹ Sui quattro cavalli della Basilica di S. Marco in Venezia. Lettera di Andrea Mustoxidi Corcirese. Padua per Bettoni e compag. . . . 1816.

more prudent to have avoided all allusions to either robbery. An apostolic prince should, perhaps, have objected to affixing over the principal entrance of a metropolitan church, an inscription having a reference to any other triumphs than those of religion. Nothing less than the pacification of the world can excuse such a solecism.

Stanza XII.

*The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns,
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt.*

After many vain efforts on the part of the Italians entirely to throw off the yoke of Frederic Barbarossa, and as fruitless attempts of the Emperor to make himself absolute master throughout the whole of his Cisalpine dominions, the bloody struggles of four and twenty years were happily brought to a close in the city of Venice. The articles of a treaty had been previously agreed upon between Pope Alexander III. and Barbarossa, and the former having received a safe conduct, had already arrived at Venice from Ferrara, in company with the ambassadors of the king of Sicily and the consuls of the Lombard league. There still remained, however, many points to adjust, and for several days the peace was believed to be impracticable. At this juncture it was suddenly reported that the Emperor had arrived at Chioza,

a town fifteen miles from the capital. The Venetians rose tumultuously, and insisted upon immediately conducting him to the city. The Lombards took the alarm, and departed towards Treviso. The Pope himself was apprehensive of some disaster if Frederic should suddenly advance upon him, but was reassured by the prudence and address of Sebastian Ziani, the doge. Several embassies passed between Chioza and the capital, until, at last, the Emperor relaxing somewhat of his pretensions, "laid aside his leonine ferocity, and put on the mildness of the lamb."¹

On Saturday the 23d of July, in the year 1177, six Venetian galleys transferred Frederic, in great pomp, from Chioza to the island of Lido, a mile from Venice. Early the next morning the Pope, accompanied by the Sicilian ambassadors, and by the envoys of Lombardy, whom he had recalled from the main land, together with a great concourse of people, repaired from the patriarchal palace to Saint Mark's church, and solemnly absolved the Emperor and his partisans from the excommunication pronounced against him. The Chancellor of the Em-

¹ "Quibus auditis, imperator, operante eo, qui corda principum sicut vult et quando vult humiliter inclinatur, leonina feritate deposita, ovinam mansuetudinem induit." Romualdi Salernitani. Chronicon. apud. Script. Rer. Ital. Tom. VII. p. 229.

pire, on the part of his master, renounced the antipopes and their schismatic adherents. Immediately the Doge, with a great suite both of the clergy and laity, got on board the galleys, and waiting on Frederic, rowed him in mighty state from the Lido to the capital. The Emperor descended from the galley at the quay of the Piazzetta. The doge, the patriarch, his bishops and clergy, and the people of Venice with their crosses and their standards, marched in solemn procession before him to the church of Saint Mark's. Alexander was seated before the vestibule of the basilica, attended by his bishops and cardinals, by the patriarch of Aquileja, by the archbishops and bishops of Lombardy, all of them in state, and clothed in their church robes. Frederic approached—"moved by the Holy Spirit, venerating the Almighty in the person of Alexander, laying aside his imperial dignity, and throwing off his mantle, he prostrated himself at full length at the feet of the Pope. Alexander, with tears in his eyes, raised him benignantlly from the ground, kissed him, blessed him; and immediately the Germans of the train sang, with a loud voice, 'We praise thee, O Lord.' The Emperor then taking the Pope by the right hand, led him to the church, and having received his benediction, returned to the ducal palace."¹ The ceremony of humilia-

¹ Ibid. page 231.

tion was repeated the next day. The Pope himself, at the request of Frederic, said mass at Saint Mark's. The Emperor again laid aside his imperial mantle, and, taking a wand in his hand, officiated as *verger*, driving the laity from the choir, and preceding the pontiff to the altar. Alexander, after reciting the gospel, preached to the people. The Emperor put himself close to the pulpit in the attitude of listening; and the pontiff, touched by this mark of his attention, for he knew that Frederic did not understand a word he said, commanded the patriarch of Aquileja to translate the Latin discourse into the German tongue. The creed was then chanted. Frederic made his oblation and kissed the Pope's feet, and, mass being over, led him by the hand to his white horse. He held the stirrup, and would have led the horse's rein to the water side, had not the Pope accepted of the inclination for the performance, and affectionately dismissed him with his benediction. Such is the substance of the account left by the archbishop of Salerno, who was present at the ceremony, and whose story is confirmed by every subsequent narration. It would be not worth so minute a record, were it not the triumph of liberty as well as of superstition. The states of Lombardy owed to it the confirmation of their privileges; and Alexander had reason to thank the Almighty, who had enabled an infirm,

unarmed old man to subdue a terrible and potent sovereign.¹

Stanza XII.

Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo!

Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

The reader will recollect the exclamation of the highlander, *Oh for one hour of Dundee!* Henry Dandolo, when elected Doge, in 1192, was eighty-five years of age. When he commanded the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople, he was consequently ninety-seven years old. At this age he annexed the fourth and a half of the whole empire of Romania,² for so the Roman empire was then called, to

¹ See the above cited Romuald of Salerno. In a second sermon which Alexander preached, on the first day of August, before the Emperor, he compared Frederic to the prodigal son, and himself to the forgiving father.

² Mr. Gibbon has omitted the important *æ*, and has written *Romani* instead of *Romanixæ*. *Decline and Fall*, cap. lxi. note 9. But the title acquired by Dandolo runs thus in the Chronicle of his namesake, the Doge Andrew Dandolo. *Ducali titulo addidit. "Quartæ partis et dimidiæ totius imperii Romanixæ."* And. Dand. Chronicon. cap. iii. pars. xxxvii. ap. Script. Rer. Ital. tom. xii. page 331. And the *Romanixæ* is observed in the subsequent acts of the Doges. Indeed the conti-

the title and to the territories of the Venetian Doge. The three-eighths of this empire were preserved in the diplomas until the dukedom of Giovanni Dolfino, who made use of the above designation in the year 1357.¹

Dandolo led the attack on Constantinople in person: two ships, the Paradise and the Pilgrim, were tied together, and a drawbridge or ladder let down from their higher yards to the walls. The Doge was one of the first to rush into the city. Then was completed, said the Venetians, the prophecy of the Erythræan sybil. "A gathering together of the powerful shall be made amidst the waves of the Adriatic, under a blind leader; they shall beset the goat—they shall profane Byzantium—they shall blacken her buildings—her spoils shall be dispersed; a new goat shall bleat until they have measured out and run over fifty-four feet, nine inches, and a half."²

mental possessions of the Greek empire in Europe were then generally known by the name of Romania, and that appellation is still seen in the maps of Turkey as applied to Thrace.

¹ See the continuation of Dandolo's Chronicle, *ibid.* page 498. Mr. Gibbon appears not to include Dolfino, following Sanudo, who says, "*il qual titolo si usò fin al Doge Giovanni Dolfino.*" See *Vite de' Duchi di Venezia.* ap. *Script. Rer. Ital.* tom. xxii. 530, 641.

² "*Fiet potentium in aquis Adriaticis congregatio, cæco*

Dandolo died on the first day of June 1205, having reigned thirteen years, six months, and five days, and was buried in the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Strangely enough it must sound, that the name of the rebel apothecary who received the Doge's sword, and annihilated the ancient government in 1796-7, was Dandolo.

Stanza XIII.

But is not Doria's menace come to pass?

Are they not bridled?

After the loss of the battle of Pola, and the taking of Chioza on the 16th of August, 1379, by the united armament of the Genoese and Francesco da Carrara, Signor of Padua, the Venetians were reduced to the utmost despair. An embassy was sent to the conquerors with a blank sheet of paper, praying them to prescribe what terms they pleased, and leave to Venice only her independence. The Prince of Padua was inclined to listen to these proposals, but the Genoese, who, after the victory at Pola, had shouted, "to Venice, to Venice, and long live St.

præduce, Hircum ambigent, Byzantium prophanabunt, ædificia denigrabunt; spolia dispergentur, Hircus novus balabit usque dum LIV pedes et IX pollices, et semis præmensurati discurrant."

[Chronicon, ibid. pars xxxiv.]

George," determined to annihilate their rival, and Peter Doria, their commander in chief, returned this answer to the suppliants: "On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the Signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours, that are upon the Porch of your evangelist St. Mark. Wild as we may find them, we will soon make them stand still. And this is the pleasure of us and of our commune. As for these my brothers of Genoa, that you have brought with you to give up to us, I will not have them: take them back; for, in a few days hence, I shall come and let them out of prison myself, both these and all the others."¹ In fact, the Genoese did advance as far as Malamacco, within five miles of the capital; but their own danger and the pride of their enemies gave

¹ " *Alla fè di Dio, Signori Veneziani, non havarete mai pace dal Signore di Padoua, nè dal nostro commune di Genova, se primieramente non mettemo le briglie a quelli vostri cavalli sfrenati, che sono su la Reza del Vostro Evangelista S. Marco. Imbrenati che gli havremo, vi faremo stare in buona pace. E questa e la intenzione nostra, e del nostro commune. Questi miei fratelli Genovesi che havete menati con voi per donarci, non li voglio; rimanetegli in dietro perche io intendo da qui a pochi giorni venirgli a riscuoter dalle vostre prigioni, e loro e gli altri.*"

courage to the Venetians, who made prodigious efforts, and many individual sacrifices, all of them carefully recorded by their historians. Vettor Pisani was put at the head of thirty-four galleys. The Genoese broke up from Malamocco, and retired to Chioza in October; but they again threatened Venice, which was reduced to extremities. At this time, the 1st of January, 1380, arrived Carlo Zeno, who had been cruising on the Genoese coast with fourteen galleys. The Venetians were now strong enough to besiege the Genoese. Doria was killed on the 22d of January by a stone bullet 195 pounds weight, discharged from a bombard called the Trevisan. Chioza was then closely invested: 5000 auxiliaries, amongst whom were some English Condottieri, commanded by one Captain Ceccho, joined the Venetians. The Genoese, in their turn, prayed for conditions, but none were granted, until, at last, they surrendered at discretion; and, on the 24th of June 1380, the Doge Contarini made his triumphal entry into Chioza. Four thousand prisoners, nineteen galleys, many smaller vessels and barks, with all the ammunition and arms, and outfit of the expedition, fell into the hands of the conquerors, who, had it not been for the inexorable answer of Doria, would have gladly reduced their dominion to the city of Venice. An account of these transactions

is found in a work called the War of Chioza, written by Daniel Chinazzo, who was in Venice at the time.¹

Stanza XV.

*Thin streets and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals.*

The population of Venice at the end of the seventeenth century amounted to nearly two hundred thousand souls. At the last census, taken two years ago, it was no more than about one hundred and three thousand, and it diminishes daily. The commerce and the official employments, which were to be the unexhausted source of Venetian grandeur, have both expired.² Most of the patrician mansions are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two, during the last two years, expressly forbidden this sad resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered and confounded with the wealthier Jews upon the banks of the Brenta, whose

¹ "Chronaca della guerra di Chioza," &c. Script. Rer. Italic. tom. xv. pp. 699 to 804.

² "Nonnullorum è nobilitate immensæ sunt opes, adeo ut vix æstimari possint: id quod tribus è rebus oritur, parsimonia, commercio, atque iis emolumentis, quæ è Repub. percipiunt, quæ hanc ob causam diuturna fore creditur."—See de Principatibus Italiæ, Tractatus. edit. 1631.

palladian palaces have sunk, or are sinking, in the general decay. Of the "gentiluomo Veneto," the name is still known, and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him if he is querulous. Whatever may have been the vices of the republic, and although the natural term of its existence may be thought by foreigners to have arrived in the due course of mortality, only one sentiment can be expected from the Venetians themselves. At no time were the subjects of the republic so unanimous in their resolution to rally round the standard of St. Mark, as when it was for the last time unfurled; and the cowardice and the treachery of the few patri-cians who recommended the fatal neutrality, were confined to the persons of the traitors themselves. The present race cannot be thought to regret the loss of their aristocratical forms, and too despotic government; they think only on their vanished independence. They pine away at the remembrance, and on this subject suspend for a moment their gay good humour. Venice may be said, in the words of the scripture, "to die daily;" and so general and so apparent is the decline, as to become painful to a stranger, not reconciled to the sight of a whole nation expiring as it were before his eyes. So artificial a creation having lost that principle which called it

into life and supported its existence, must fall to pieces at once, and sink more rapidly than it rose. The abhorrence of slavery which drove the Venetians to the sea, has, since their disaster, forced them to the land, where they may be at least overlooked amongst the crowd of dependants, and not present the humiliating spectacle of a whole nation loaded with recent chains. Their liveliness, their affability, and that happy indifference which constitution alone can give, for philosophy aspires to it in vain, have not sunk under circumstances; but many peculiarities of costume and manner have by degrees been lost, and the nobles, with a pride common to all Italians who have been masters, have not been persuaded to parade their insignificance. That splendour which was a proof and a portion of their power, they would not degrade into the trappings of their subjection. They retired from the space which they had occupied in the eyes of their fellow citizens; their continuance in which would have been a symptom of acquiescence, and an insult to those who suffered by the common misfortune. Those who remained in the degraded capital, might be said rather to haunt the scenes of their departed power, than to live in them. The reflection, "who and what enthrals," will hardly bear a comment from one who is, nationally, the friend and the ally of the conqueror. It may, however, be al-

lowed to say thus much, that to those who wish to recover their independence, any masters must be an object of detestation; and it may be safely foretold that this unprofitable aversion will not have been corrected before Venice shall have sunk into the slime of her choked canals.

Stanza XX.

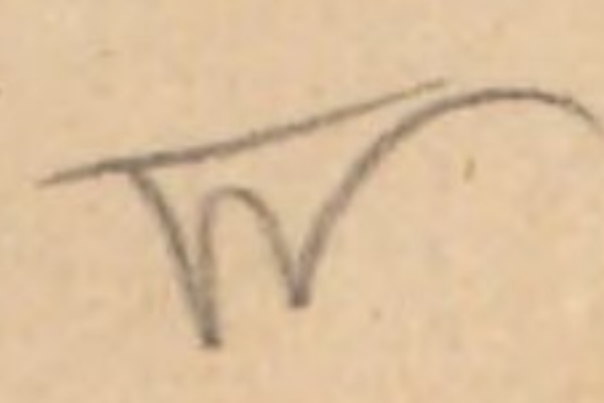
*But from their nature will the tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks.*

Tannen is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

Stanza XXVIII.

*A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven.*

The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or an Italian sky, yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth) as contemplated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta near La Mira.



Stanza XXX.

*Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.*

Thanks to the critical acumen of a Scotchman, we now know as little of Laura as ever.¹ The discoveries of the Abbé de Sade, his triumphs, his sneers, can no longer instruct or amuse.² We must not, however, think that these memoirs are as much a romance as Belisarius or the Incas, although we are told so by Dr. Beattie, a great name but a little authority.³ His "labour" has not been in vain, notwithstanding his "love" has, like most other passions, made him ridiculous.⁴ The hypothesis which overpowered the struggling Italians, and carried along

¹ See An historical and critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch; and a Dissertation on an Historical Hypothesis of the Abbé de Sade: the first appeared about the year 1784; the other is inserted in the fourth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and both have been incorporated into a work, published, under the first title, by Ballantyne in 1810.

² Mémoires pour la Vie de Pétrarque.

³ Life of Beattie, by Sir S. Forbes, t. ii. p. 106.

⁴ Mr. Gibbon called his Memoirs "*a labour of love*," (see Decline and Fall, cap. lxx. note 1.), and followed him with confidence and delight. The compiler of a very voluminous work must take much criticism upon trust; Mr. Gibbon has done so, though not so readily as some other authors.

less interested critics in its current, is run out. We have another proof that we can be never sure that the paradox, the most singular, and therefore having the most agreeable and authentic air, will not give place to the re-established ancient prejudice.

It seems, then, first, that Laura was born, lived, died, and was buried, not in Avignon, but in the country. The fountains of the Sorga, the thickets of Cabrieres may resume their pretensions, and the exploded *de la Bastie* again be heard with complacency. The hypothesis of the Abbé had no stronger props than the parchment sonnet and medal found on the skeleton of the wife of Hugo de Sade, and the manuscript note to the Virgil of Petrarch, now in the Ambrosian library. If these proofs were both incontestable, the poetry was written, the medal composed, cast, and deposited within the space of twelve hours; and these deliberate duties were performed round the carcase of one who died of the plague, and was hurried to the grave on the day of her death. These documents, therefore, are too decisive: they prove not the fact, but the forgery. Either the sonnet or the Virgilian note must be a falsification. The Abbé cites both as incontestably true; the consequent deduction is inevitable—they are both evidently false.¹

¹ The sonnet had before awakened the suspicions of Mr. Horace Walpole. See his letter to Wharton in 1763.

Secondly, Laura was never married, and was a haughty virgin rather than that *tender and prudent* wife who honoured Avignon by making that town the theatre of an honest French passion, and played off for one and twenty years her *little machinery* of alternate favours and refusals¹ upon the first poet of the age. It was, indeed, rather too unfair that a female should be made responsible for eleven children upon the faith of a misinterpreted abbreviation, and the decision of a librarian.² It is, however, satisfac-

¹ "Par ce petit manège, cette alternative de faveurs et de rigueurs bien ménagée, une femme tendre et sage amuse, pendant vingt et un ans, le plus grand poète de son siècle, sans faire la moindre brèche à son honneur." Mém. pour la Vie de Pétrarque, Preface aux François. The Italian editor of the London edition of Petrarch, who has translated Lord Woodhouselee, renders the "femme tendre et sage" "*raffinata civetta*." *Riflessioni intorno a madonna Laura*, p. 234, vol. iii. ed. 1811.

² In a dialogue with St. Augustin, Petrarch has described Laura as having a body exhausted with repeated *ptubs*. The old editors read and printed *perturbationibus*; but Mr. Capperonier, librarian to the French King in 1762, who saw the MS. in the Paris library, made an attestation that "*on lit et qu'on doit lire, partubus exhaustum*." De Sade joined the names of Messrs. Boudot and Bejot with Mr. Capperonier, and in the whole discussion on this *ptubs*, showed himself a downright literary rogue. See *Riflessioni*, &c. p. 267. Thomas Aquinas is called in to settle whether Petrarch's mistress was a *chaste* maid or a *continent* wife

tory to think that the love of Petrarch was not platonic. The happiness which he prayed to possess but once and for a moment was surely not of the mind,¹ and something so very real as a marriage project, with one who has been idly called a shadowy nymph, may be, perhaps, detected in at least six places of his own sonnets.² The love of Petrarch was neither platonic nor poetical; and if in one passage of his works he calls it "amore veementissimo ma unico ed onesto," he confesses in a letter to a friend, that it was guilty and perverse, that it absorbed him quite and mastered his heart.³

In this case, however, he was perhaps alarmed for the culpability of his wishes; for the Abbé de Sade himself, who certainly would not have been scrupulously delicate if he could have proved his descent from Petrarch as well as Laura, is forced into a stout defence of his virtuous grand-mother. As far as relates to the poet, we have no security for the inno-

¹ "Pigmalion, quanto lodar ti dei
Dell' imagine tua, se mille volte
N' avesti quel ch' i' sol una vorrei."

Sonetto 58. *quando giunse a Simon l'alto concetto*
Le Rime &c. par. i. pag. 189. edit. Ven. 1756.

² See *Riflessioni*, &c. p. 291.

³ "Quella rea e perversa passione che solo tutto mi occupava
e mi regnava nel cuore."

cence, except perhaps in the constancy of his pursuit. He assures us in his epistle to posterity that, when arrived at his fortieth year, he not only had in horror, but had lost all recollection and image of any "irregularity."¹ But the birth of his natural daughter cannot be assigned earlier than his thirty-ninth year; and either the memory or the morality of the poet must have failed him, when he forgot or was guilty of this *slip*.² The weakest argument for the purity of this love has been drawn from the permanence of effects, which survived the object of his passion. The reflection of Mr. de la Bastie, that virtue alone is capable of making impressions which death cannot efface, is one of those which every body applauds, and every body finds not to be true, the moment he examines his own breast or the records of human feeling.³ Such apothegms can do nothing for Petrarch or for the cause of morality, except with the very weak and the very young. He that has

¹ *Azion disonesta* are his words.

² "A questa confessione così sincera diede forse occasione una nuova caduta ch' ei fece." Tiraboschi, Storia, &c. tom. v. lib. iv. par. ii. pag. 492.

³ "Il n'y a que la vertu seule qui soit capable de faire des impressions que la mort n'efface pas." M. de Bimard, Baron de la Bastie, in the Memoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres for 1740 and 1751. See also *Riflessioni*, &c. p. 295.

made even a little progress beyond ignorance and pupilage, cannot be edified with any thing but truth. What is called vindicating the honour of an individual or a nation, is the most futile, tedious and uninstruc- tive of all writing; although it will always meet with more applause than that sober criticism, which is at- tributed to the malicious desire of reducing a great man to the common standard of humanity. It is, after all, not unlikely, that our historian was right in retaining his favorite hypothetic salvo, which secures the author, although it scarcely saves the honour of the still unknown mistress of Petrarch.¹

Stanza XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died.

Petrarch retired to Arquà immediately on his re- turn from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and, with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice in company with Fran-

¹ "And if the virtue or prudence of Laura was inexorable, he enjoyed, and might boast of enjoying the nymph of poetry." Decline and Fall, cap. lxx. p. 327. vol. xii. oct. Perhaps the *if* is here meant for *although*.

cesco Novello da Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July the 19th, in the year 1374, was found dead in his library chair with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shown amongst the precious relics of Arquà, which, from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to every thing relative to this great man from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shakesperian memorials of Stratford upon Avon.

Arquà (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat well wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear, but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly in-

close the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately planted laurels. Petrarch's fountain, for here every thing is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered vallies, and the

only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arquà being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine."

Mr. Forsyth¹ was not quite correct in saying that Petrarch never returned to Tuscany after he had once quitted it when a boy. It appears he did pass through Florence on his way from Parma to Rome, and on his return in the year 1350, and remained there long enough to form some acquaintance with its most distinguished inhabitants. A Florentine gentleman, ashamed of the aversion of the poet for his native country, was eager to point out this trivial error in our accomplished traveller, whom he knew and respected for an extraordinary capacity, extensive erudition, and refined taste, joined to that engaging simplicity of manners which has been so frequently recognized as the surest, though it is certainly not an indispensable, trait of superior genius.

¹ Remarks, &c. on Italy, p. 95, note, 2nd edit.

Every footstep of Laura's lover has been anxiously traced and recorded. The house in which he lodged is shewn in Venice. The inhabitants of Arezzo, in order to decide the ancient controversy between their city and the neighbouring Ancisa, where Petrarch was carried when seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated by a long inscription the spot where their great fellow citizen was born. A tablet has been raised to him at Parma, in the chapel of St. Agatha, at the cathedral,¹ be-

¹ D. O. M.

Francisco Petrarchæ

Parmensi Archidiacono.

Parentibus præclaris genere perantiquo

Ethices Christianæ scriptori eximio

Romanæ linguæ restitutori

Etruscæ principi

Africæ ob carmen hæc in urbe peractum regibus accito

S. P. Q. R. laurea donato.

Tanti Viri

Juvenilium juvenis senilium senex

Studiosissimus

Comes Nicolaus Canonicus Cicognarus

Marmorea proxima ara excitata.

Ibique condito

Divæ Januariæ cruento corpore

H. M. P.

Suffectum

Sed infra meritum Francisci sepulchro

cause he was archdeacon of that society, and was only snatched from his intended sepulture in their church by a *foreign* death. Another tablet with a bust has been erected to him at Pavia, on account of his having passed the autumn of 1368 in that city, with his son in law Brossano. The political condition which has for ages precluded the Italians from the criticism of the living, has concentrated their attention to the illustration of the dead.

Stanza XXXIV.

Or it may be with dæmons.

The struggle is to the full as likely to be with dæmons as with our better thoughts. Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour. And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude.

Stanza XXXVIII.

In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire;

And Boileau, whose rash envy, &c.

Perhaps the couplet in which Boileau depreciates Tasso, may serve as well as any other specimen to

Summa hac in æde efferri mandantis

Si Parmæ occumberet

Extera morte heu nobis erepti.

justify the opinion given of the harmony of French verse.

A Malerbe a Racan préférer Theophile

Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile.

Sat. ix. vers. 176.

The biographer Serassi,¹ out of tenderness to the reputation either of the Italian or the French poet, is eager to observe that the satirist recanted or explained away this censure, and subsequently allowed the author of the *Jerusalem* to be a "genius, sublime, vast, and happily born for the higher flights of poetry." To this we will add, that the recantation is far from satisfactory, when we examine the whole anecdote as reported by Olivet.² The sentence pronounced against him by Bohours,³ is recorded only

¹ *La vita del Tasso*, lib. iii. p. 284. tom. ii. edit. Bergamo 1790.

² *Histoire de l'Académie Française depuis 1652, jusqu'à 1700*, par l'abbé d'Olivet, p. 181, edit. Amsterdam 1730. "Mais, ensuite, venant à l'usage qu'il a fait de ses talens, j'aurois montré que le bon sens n'est pas toujours ce qui domine chez lui," p. 182. Boileau said he had not changed his opinion. "J'en ai si peu changé, dit il," &c. p. 181.

³ *La manière de bien penser dans les ouvrages de l'esprit*, second. dial. p. 89, edit. 1692. Philanthes is for Tasso, and says in the outset, "de tous les beaux esprits que l'Italie a portés, le Tasse est peut être celui qui pense le plus noblement." But Bohours seems to speak in Eudoxus, who closes with the absurd com-

to the confusion of the critic, whose *palinodia* the Italian makes no effort to discover, and would not perhaps accept. As to the opposition which the Jerusalem encountered from the Cruscan academy, who degraded Tasso from all competition with Ariosto, below Bojardo and Pulci, the disgrace of such opposition must also in some measure be laid to the charge of Alfonso, and the court of Ferrara. For Leonard Salviati, the principal and nearly the sole origin of this attack, was, there can be no doubt,¹ influenced by a hope to acquire the favour of the House of Este: an object which he thought attainable by exalting the reputation of a native poet at the expense of a rival, then a *prisoner of state*. The hopes and efforts of Salviati must serve to show the cotemporary opinion as to the nature of the poet's imprisonment; and will fill up the measure of our indignation at the tyrant jailer.² In fact, the antagonist of Tasso was not disappointed in the reception given to his criticism; he was called to the court of parison: "Faites valoir le Tasse tant qu'il vous plaira, je m'en tiens pour moi à Virgile," &c. *ibid.* p. 102.

¹ La Vita, &c. lib. iii. p. 90, tom. ii. The English reader may see an account of the opposition of the Crusca to Tasso, in Dr. Black, Life, &c. cap. xvii. vol. ii.

² For further and, it is hoped, decisive proof, that Tasso was neither more nor less than a *prisoner of state*, the reader is referred to "HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE IVth CANTO OF CHILDE HAROLD," pag. 5, and following.

Ferrara, where, having endeavoured to heighten his claims to favour, by panegyrics on the family of his sovereign;¹ he was in his turn abandoned, and expired in neglected poverty. The opposition of the Cruscan was brought to a close in six years after the commencement of the controversy, and if the academy owed its first renown to having almost opened with such a paradox;² it is probable that, on the other hand, the care of his reputation alleviated rather than aggravated the imprisonment of the injured poet. The defence of his father and of himself, for both were involved in the censure of Salviati, found employment for many of his solitary hours, and the captive could have been but little embarrassed to reply to accusations, where, amongst other delinquencies he was charged with invidiously omitting, in his comparison between France and Italy, to make any mention of the cupola of St. Maria del Fiore at Florence.³ The late biographer of Ariosto seems as if willing to renew the controversy by doubting the interpretation

¹ Orazioni funebri . . delle lodi di Don Luigi Cardinal d'Este delle lodi di Donno Alfonso d'Este. See *La Vita*, lib. iii. page 117.

² It was founded in 1582, and the Cruscan answer to Pellegrino's *Caraffa* or *epica poesia* was published in 1584.

³ "Cotanto potè sempre in lui il veleno della sua pessima volontà contro alla nazione Fiorentina." *La Vita*, lib. iii. p. 96, 98, tom. ii.

of Tasso's self-estimation¹ related in Serassi's life of the poet. But Tiraboschi had before laid that rivalry at rest,² by showing, that between Ariosto and Tasso it is not a question of comparison, but of preference.

Stanza XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust

The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves.

Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away. The event has been recorded by a writer of the last century.³ The transfer of these sacred ashes on the 6th of June 1801 was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian Republic, and to consecrate the memory of the ceremony, the once fa-

¹ La Vita di M. L. Ariosto, scritta dall' Abate Girolamo Baruffaldi Giuniore &c., Ferrara 1807, lib. iii. pag. 262. See Historical Illustrations, &c. p. 26.

² Storia della Lett. &c. lib. iii. tom. vii. par. iii. pag. 1220. sect. 4.

³ "Mi raccontarono que' monaci, ch' essendo caduto un fulmine nella loro chiesa schiantò esso dalle tempie la corona di lauro a quell' immortale poeta." Op. di Bianconi, vol. iii. p. 176. ed. Milano. 1802; lettera al Signor Guido Savini Arcifisiocritico, sull' indole di un fulmine caduto in Dresda l'anno 1759.

mous fallen *Intrepidi* were revived and re-formed into the Ariostean academy. The large public place through which the procession paraded was then for the first time called Ariosto Square. The author of the Orlando is jealously claimed as the Homer, not of Italy, but Ferrara.¹ The mother of Ariosto was of Reggio, and the house in which he was born is carefully distinguished by a tablet with these words: "*Qui nacque Ludovico Ariosto il giorno 8 di Settembre dell' anno 1474.*" But the Ferrarese make light of the accident by which their poet was born abroad, and claim him exclusively for their own. They possess his bones, they show his arm-chair, and his inkstand, and his autographs.

". Hic illius arma
Hic currus fuit"

The house where he lived, the room where he died, are designated by his own replaced memorial,² and by a recent inscription. The Ferrarese are more jealous of their claims since the animosity of Denina,

¹ "Appassionato ammiratore ed invitto apologista dell' *Omero Ferrarese*." The title was first given by Tasso, and is quoted to the confusion of the *Tassisti*. lib. iii. pp. 262. 265. La Vita di M. L. Ariosto, &c.

² "Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen ære domus."

arising from a cause which their apologists mysteriously hint is not unknown to them, ventured to degrade their soil and climate to a Bœotian incapacity for all spiritual productions. A quarto volume has been called forth by the detraction, and this supplement to Barotti's Memoirs of the illustrious Ferrarese has been considered a triumphant reply to the "Quadro Storico Statistico dell' Alta Italia."

Stanza XLI.

*For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves.*

The eagle, the sea calf, the laurel¹, and the white vine,² were amongst the most approved preservatives against lightning: Jupiter chose the first, Augustus Cæsar the second,³ and Tiberius never failed to wear a wreath of the third when the sky threatened a thunder storm.⁴ These superstitions may be received without a sneer in a country where the magical properties of the hazel twig have not lost all their credit; and perhaps the reader may not be much surprised

¹ Aquila, vitulus marinus, et laurus, fulmine non feriuntur. Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. lv.

² Columella, lib. x.

³ Sueton. in Vit. August. cap. xc.

⁴ Id. in Vit. Tiberii, cap. lxix.

to find that a commentator on Suetonius has taken upon himself gravely to disprove the imputed virtues of the crown of Tiberius, by mentioning that a few years before he wrote a laurel was actually struck by lightning at Rome.¹

Stanza XLI.

Know that the lightning sanctifies below.

The Curtian lake and the Ruminal fig-tree in the Forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred, and the memory of the accident was preserved by a *puteal*, or altar, resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunderbolt. Bodies scathed and persons struck dead were thought to be incorruptible;² and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual dignity upon the man so distinguished by heaven.³

Those killed by lightning were wrapped in a white garment, and buried where they fell. The superstition was not confined to the worshippers of Jupiter: the Lombards believed in the omens furnished by

Note 2. pag. 409. edit. Lugd. Bat. 1667.

² Vid. J. C. Bullenger, de Terræ motu et Fulminib. lib. v. cap. xi.

³ 'Ουδὲς κεραυνῶδεις ἀτιμὸς ἔσται, ὅθεν καὶ ὡς θεὸς τιμᾶται. Plut. Sympos. vid. J. C. Bulleng. ut sup.

lightning, and a Christian priest confesses that, by a diabolical skill in interpreting thunder, a seer foretold to Agilulf, duke of Turin, an event which came to pass, and gave him a queen and a crown.¹ There was, however, something equivocal in this sign, which the ancient inhabitants of Rome did not always consider propitious; and as the fears are likely to last longer than the consolations of superstition, it is not strange that the Romans of the age of Leo X. should have been so much terrified at some misinterpreted storms as to require the exhortations of a scholar who arrayed all the learning on thunder and lightning to prove the omen favourable: beginning with the flash which struck the walls of Velitræ, and including that which played upon a gate at Florence, and foretold the pontificate of one of its citizens.²

Stanza XLII.

Italia, oh Italia, &c.

The two stanzas, XLII. and XLIII. are, with the

¹ Pauli Diaconi, de gestis Langobard. lib. iii. cap. xiv. fo. 15. edit. Taurin. 1527.

² I. P. Valeriani, de fulminum significationibus declamatio, ap. Græv. Antiq. Rom. tom. v. pag. 593. The declamation is addressed to Julian of Medicis.

exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja:

“ Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte.”

Stanza XLIV.

*Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind.*

The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages.

“ On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me: Ægina was behind, Megara before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left; all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view.”¹

¹ Dr. Middleton—History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero, sect. vii. pag. 371. vol. ii.

Stanza XLVI.

*And we pass**The skeleton of her Titanic form.*

It is Poggio who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, "Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi."¹

Stanza XLIX.

There too the goddess loves in stone.

The view of the Venus of Medicis instantly suggests the lines in the *Seasons*, and the comparison of the object with the description proves, not only the correctness of the portrait, but the peculiar turn of thought, and, if the term may be used, the sexual imagination of the descriptive poet. The same conclusion may be deduced from another hint in the same episode of Musidora; for Thomson's notion of the privileges of favoured love must have been either very primitive, or rather deficient in delicacy, when he made his grateful nymph inform her discreet

¹ De fortunæ varietate urbis Romæ et de ruinis ejusdem descriptio, ap. Sallengre, Thesaur. tom. i. pag. 501.

Damon that in some happier moment he might perhaps be the companion of her bath :

“ The time may come you need not fly.”

The reader will recollect the anecdote told in the life of Dr. Johnson. We will not leave the Florentine gallery without a word on the *Whetter*. It seems strange that the character of that disputed statue should not be entirely decided, at least in the mind of any one who has seen a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the Basilica of St. Paul without the walls, at Rome, where the whole group of the fable of Marsyas is seen in tolerable preservation ; and the Scythian slave whetting the knife is represented exactly in the same position as this celebrated masterpiece. The slave is not naked : but it is easier to get rid of this difficulty than to suppose the knife in the hand of the Florentine statue an instrument for shaving, which it must be, if, as Lanzi supposes, the man is no other than the barber of Julius Cæsar. Winkelmann, illustrating a bas relief of the same subject, follows the opinion of Leonard Agostini, and his authority might have been thought conclusive, even if the resemblance did not strike the most careless observer.¹

¹ See Monim. Ant. ined. par. i. cap. xvii. n. xlii. pag. 50 ; and Storia delle arti, &c. lib. xi. cap. i. tom. ii. pag. 314. not. B.

Amongst the bronzes of the same princely collection, is still to be seen the inscribed tablet copied and commented upon by Mr. Gibbon.¹ Our historian found some difficulties, but did not desist from his illustration: he might be vexed to hear that his criticism has been thrown away on an inscription now generally recognized to be a forgery.

Stanza LI.

*His eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek.*

Ὁφθαλμοὺς ἐστιᾶν

“Atque oculos pascit uterque suos.”

Ovid. Amor. lib. ii.

Stanza LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie.

This name will recal the memory, not only of those whose tombs have raised the Santa Croce into the centre of pilgrimage, the Mecca of Italy, but of her whose eloquence was poured over the illustrious ashes, and whose voice is now as mute as those she sung. CORINNA is no more; and with her should

¹ Nomina gentesque Antiquæ Italiæ, p. 204. edit. oct.

expire the fear, the flattery, and the envy, which threw too dazzling or too dark a cloud round the march of genius, and forbad the steady gaze of disinterested criticism. We have her picture embellished or distorted, as friendship or detraction has held the pencil: the impartial portrait was hardly to be expected from a cotemporary. The immediate voice of her survivors will, it is probable, be far from affording a just estimate of her singular capacity. The gallantry, the love of wonder, and the hope of associated fame, which blunted the edge of censure, must cease to exist.—The dead have no sex; they can surprise by no new miracles; they can confer no privilege: Corinna has ceased to be a woman—she is only an author: and it may be foreseen that many will repay themselves for former complaisance, by a severity to which the extravagance of previous praises may perhaps give the colour of truth. The latest posterity, for to the latest posterity they will assuredly descend, will have to pronounce upon her various productions; and the longer the vista through which they are seen, the more accurately minute will be the object, the more certain the justice, of the decision. She will enter into that existence in which the great writers of all ages and nations are, as it were, associated in a world of their own, and, from that superior sphere, shed their eternal influence for the control and con-

solation of mankind. But the individual will gradually disappear as the author is more distinctly seen : some one, therefore, of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit, and of easy hospitality, attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to pourtray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets, than seen in the outward management, of family intercourse ; and which, indeed, it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe, the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unboundedly generous, but still esteemed, the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best ; and, to the sorrows of very

many friends and more dependants, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublimer scenes of the Lemman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna.

Stanza LIV.

*Here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones.*

Alfieri is the great name of this age. The Italians, without waiting for the hundred years, consider him as “a poet good in law.”—His memory is the more dear to them because he is the bard of freedom; and because, as such, his tragedies can receive no countenance from any of their sovereigns. They are but very seldom, and but very few of them, allowed to be acted. It was observed by Cicero, that nowhere were the true opinions and feelings of the Romans so clearly shown as at the theatre.¹ In the

¹ The free expression of their honest sentiments survived their liberties. Titius, the friend of Antony, presented them with games in the theatre of Pompey. They did not suffer the brilliancy of the spectacle to efface from their memory that the man who furnished them with the entertainment had murdered the son of Pompey: they drove him from the theatre with curses,

autumn of 1816, a celebrated improvisatore exhibited his talents at the Opera-house of Milan. The reading of the theses handed in for the subjects of his poetry was received by a very numerous audience, for the most part in silence, or with laughter; but when the assistant, unfolding one of the papers, exclaimed, "*The apotheosis of Victor Alfieri*," the whole theatre burst into a shout, and the applause was continued for some moments. The lot did not fall on Alfieri; and the Signor Sgricci had to pour forth his extemporary common-places on the bombardment of Algiers. The choice, indeed, is not left to accident quite so much as might be thought from a first view of the ceremony; and the police not only takes care to look at the papers beforehand, but, in case of any prudential after-thought, steps in to correct the blindness of chance. The proposal for deifying Alfieri was received with immediate enthusiasm, the rather because it was conjectured there would be no opportunity of carrying it into effect.

The moral sense of a populace, spontaneously expressed, is never wrong. Even the soldiers of the triumvirs joined in the execration of the citizens, by shouting round the chariots of Lepidus and Plancus, who had proscribed their brothers, *De Germanis non de Gallis duo triumphant Consules*, a saying worth a record, were it nothing but a good pun. [C. Vell. Paternuli Hist. lib. ii. cap. lxxix. pag. 78. edit. Elzevir, 1639. Ibid. lib. ii. cap. lxxvii.]

Stanza LIV.

Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.

The affectation of simplicity in sepulchral inscriptions, which so often leaves us uncertain whether the structure before us is an actual depository, or a cenotaph, or a simple memorial not of death but life, has given to the tomb of Machiavelli no information as to the place or time of the birth or death, the age or parentage, of the historian.

TANTO NOMINI NVLLVM PAR ELOGIVM

NICCOLAVS MACHIAVELLI.

There seems at least no reason why the name should not have been put above the sentence which alludes to it.

It will readily be imagined that the prejudices which have passed the name of Machiavelli into an epithet proverbial of iniquity, exist no longer at Florence. His memory was persecuted as his life had been for an attachment to liberty, incompatible with the new system of despotism, which succeeded the fall of the free governments of Italy. He was put to the torture for being a "*libertine*," that is, for wishing to restore the republic of Florence; and such are the undying efforts of those who are interested in the perversion not only of the nature of actions, but

the meaning of words, that what was once *patriotism*, has by degrees come to signify *debauch*. We have ourselves outlived the old meaning of 'liberality,' which is now another word for treason in one country and for infatuation in all. It seems to have been a strange mistake to accuse the author of the Prince, as being a pandar to tyranny; and to think that the inquisition would condemn his work for such a delinquency. The fact is that Machiavelli, as is usual with those against whom no crime can be proved, was suspected of and charged with atheism; and the first and last most violent opposers of the Prince were both Jesuits, one of whom persuaded the Inquisition "benchè fosse tardo," to prohibit the treatise, and the other qualified the secretary of the Florentine republic as no better than a fool. The father Possevin was proved never to have read the book, and the father Lucchesini not to have understood it. It is clear, however, that such critics must have objected not to the slavery of the doctrines, but to the supposed tendency of a lesson which shows how distinct are the interests of a monarch from the happiness of mankind. The Jesuits are re-established in Italy, and the last chapter of the Prince may again call forth a particular refutation, from those who are employed once more in moulding the minds of the rising generation, so as to receive the impressions of despotism. The chapter bears for title, "Esortazione

a liberare la Italia dai Barbari," and concludes with a *libertine* excitement to the future redemption of Italy. "*Non si deve adunque lasciar passare questa occasione, acciocchè la Italia vegga dopo tanto tempo apparire un suo redentore. Nè posso esprimere con qual amore ei fusse ricevuto in tutte quelle provincie, che hanno patito per queste illuvioni esterne, con qual sete di vendetta, con che ostinata fede, con che lacrime. Quali porte se li serrerebbero? Quali popoli li negherebbero la obbedienza? Quale Italiano li negherebbe l'ossequio?* AD OGNUNO PUZZA QUESTO BARBARO DOMINIO."¹

Stanza LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar.

Dante was born in Florence in the year 1261. He fought in two battles, was fourteen times ambassador, and once prior of the republic. When the party of Charles of Anjou triumphed over the Bianchi, he was absent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII, and was condemned to two years banishment, and to a fine of 8000 lire; on the non-payment of which he was further punished by the sequestration of all his

¹ Il Principe di Niccolò Machiavelli, &c. con la prefazione e le note istoriche e politiche di Mr. Amelot de la Houssaye e l'esame e confutazione dell' opera Cosmopoli, 1769.

property. The republic, however, was not content with this satisfaction, for in 1772 was discovered in the archives at Florence a sentence in which Dante is the eleventh of a list of fifteen condemned in 1302 to be burnt alive; *Talis perveniens igne comburatur sic quod moriatur*. The pretext for this judgment was a proof of unfair barter, extortions, and illicit gains. *Baracteriarum iniquarum, extorsionum, et illicitorum lucrorum*,¹ and with such an accusation it is not strange that Dante should have always protested his innocence, and the injustice of his fellow-citizens. His appeal to Florence was accompanied by another to the Emperor Henry, and the death of that sovereign in 1313, was the signal for a sentence of irrevocable banishment. He had before lingered near Tuscany with hopes of recal; then travelled into the north of Italy, where Verona had to boast of his longest residence, and he finally settled at Ravenna, which was his ordinary but not constant abode until his death. The refusal of the Venetians to grant him a public audience, on the part of Guido Novello da Polenta his protector, is said to have been the principal cause of this event, which happened in 1321. He was buried ("in sacra minorum æde,") at Ravenna, in a handsome tomb, which was erected by Guido, restored by Bernardo Bembo in

¹ Storia della Lett. Ital. tom. v. lib. iii. par. 2. p. 448. Tiraboschi's date is incorrect.

1483, pretor for that republic which had refused to hear him, again restored by Cardinal Corsi in 1692, and replaced by a more magnificent sepulchre, constructed in 1780 at the expense of the Cardinal Luigi Valenti Gonzaga. The offence or misfortune of Dante was an attachment to a defeated party, and, as his least favourable biographers alledge against him, too great a freedom of speech and haughtiness of manner. But the next age paid honours almost divine to the exile. The Florentines, having in vain and frequently attempted to recover his body, crowned his image in a church,¹ and his picture is still one of the idols of their cathedral. They struck medals, they raised statues to him. The cities of Italy, not being able to dispute about his own birth, contended for that of his great poem, and the Florentines thought it for their honour to prove that he had finished the seventh Canto, before they drove him from his native city. Fifty-one years after his death, they endowed a professorial chair for the expounding of his verses, and Boccaccio was appointed to this patriotic employment. The example was imitated by Bologna and Pisa, and the commentators, if they performed but little service to literature, augmented the veneration which beheld a sacred or moral allegory

¹ So relates Ficino, but some think his coronation only an allegory. See Storia, &c. ut sup. p. 453.

in all the images of his mystic muse. His birth and his infancy were discovered to have been distinguished above those of ordinary men: the author of the Decameron, his earliest biographer, relates that his mother was warned in a dream of the importance of her pregnancy; and it was found, by others, that at ten years of age he had manifested his precocious passion for that wisdom or theology, which, under the name of Beatrice, had been mistaken for a substantial mistress. When the Divine Comedy had been recognized as a mere mortal production, and at the distance of two centuries, when criticism and competition had sobered the judgment of Italians, Dante was seriously declared superior to Homer,¹ and though the preference appeared to some casuists "an heretical blasphemy worthy of the flames," the contest was vigorously maintained for nearly fifty years. In later times it was made a question which of the Lords of Verona could boast of having patronised him,² and the jealous scepticism of one writer would not allow Ravenna the undoubted possession of his bones. Even the critical Tiraboschi

¹ By Varchi in his Ercolano. The controversy continued from 1570 to 1616. See Storia, &c. tom. vii. lib. iii. par. iii. p. 1280.

² Gio. Jacopo Dionisi canonico di Verona. Serie di Aneddoti, n. 2. See Storia, &c. tom. v. lib. i. par. i. p. 24.

was inclined to believe that the poet had foreseen and foretold one of the discoveries of Galileo. Like the great originals of other nations, his popularity has not always maintained the same level. The last age seemed inclined to undervalue him as a model and a study; and Bettinelli one day rebuked his pupil Monti, for poring over the harsh, and obsolete extravagances of the *Commedia*. The present generation having recovered from the Gallic idolatries of Cesarotti, has returned to the ancient worship, and the *Danteggiare* of the northern Italians is thought even indiscreet by the more moderate Tuscans.

There is still much curious information relative to the life and writings of this great poet which has not as yet been collected even by the Italians; but the celebrated Ugo Foscolo meditates to supply this defect, and it is not to be regretted that this national work has been reserved for one so devoted to his country and the cause of truth.

Stanza LVII.

Like Scipio buried by the upbraiding shore,

Thy factions in their worse than civil war

Proscribed, &c.

The elder Scipio Africanus had a tomb if he was not buried at Liternum, whither he had retired to voluntary banishment. This tomb was near the sea-

shore, and the story of an inscription upon it, *Ingrata Patria*, having given a name to a modern tower, is, if not true, an agreeable fiction. If he was not buried, he certainly lived there.¹

In così angusta e solitaria villa

Era 'l grand' uomo che d'Africa s'appella

Perchè prima col ferro al vivo aprilla².

Ingratitude is generally supposed the vice peculiar to republics; and it seems to be forgotten that for one instance of popular inconstancy, we have a hundred examples of the fall of courtly favourites. Besides, a people have often repented—a monarch seldom or never. Leaving apart many familiar proofs of this fact, a short story may show the difference between even an aristocracy and the multitude.

Vettor Pisani, having been defeated in 1354 at Portolongo, and many years afterwards in the more decisive action of Pola, by the Genoese, was recalled by the Venetian government, and thrown into chains. The Avvogadori proposed to behead him, but the supreme tribunal was content with the sentence of imprisonment. Whilst Pisani was suffering this unmerited disgrace, Chioza, in the vicinity of the capital³,

¹ Vitam Literni egit sine desiderio urbis. See T. Liv. Hist. lib. xxxviii. Livy reports that some said he was buried at Litternum, others at Rome. Ib. cap. LV.

² Trionfo della Castità.

³ See note to stanza XIII.

was, by the assistance of the *Signor of Padua*, delivered into the hands of Pietro Doria. At the intelligence of that disaster, the great bell of St. Mark's tower tolled to arms, and the people and the soldiery of the galleys were summoned to the repulse of the approaching enemy; but they protested they would not move a step, unless Pisani were liberated and placed at their head. The great council was instantly assembled: the prisoner was called before them, and the Doge, Andrea Contarini, informed him of the demands of the people and the necessities of the state, whose only hope of safety was reposed on his efforts, and who implored him to forget the indignities he had endured in her service. "I have submitted," replied the magnanimous republican, "I have submitted to your deliberations without complaint; I have supported patiently the pains of imprisonment, for they were inflicted at your command: this is no time to inquire whether I deserved them—the good of the republic may have seemed to require it, and that which the republic resolves is always resolved wisely. Behold me ready to lay down my life for the preservation of my country." Pisani was appointed generalissimo, and by his exertions, in conjunction with those of Carlo Zeno, the Venetians soon recovered the ascendancy over their maritime rivals.

The Italian communities were no less unjust to their citizens than the Greek republics. Liberty, both with the one and the other, seems to have been a national, not an individual object: and, notwithstanding the boasted *equality before the laws* which an ancient Greek writer¹ considered the great distinctive mark between his countrymen and the barbarians, the mutual rights of fellow-citizens seem never to have been the principal scope of the old democracies. The world may have not yet seen an essay by the author of the Italian Republics, in which the distinction between the liberty of former states, and the signification attached to that word by the happier constitution of England, is ingeniously developed. The Italians, however, when they had ceased to be free, still looked back with a sigh upon those times of turbulence, when every citizen might rise to a share of sovereign power, and have never been taught fully to appreciate the repose of a monarchy. Speron Speroni, when Francis Maria II. Duke of Rovere, proposed the question, “which was preferable, the republic or the principality—the perfect and not durable, or the less perfect and not so liable to change,” replied, “that our happiness is to be measured by its quality, not by its duration; and that he preferred to

¹ The Greek boasted that he was ἰσονόμος. See—the last chapter of the first book of Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

live for one day like a man, than for a hundred years like a brute, a stock, or a stone." This was thought, and called, a *magnificent* answer, down to the last days of Italian servitude.¹

Stanza LVII.

“ *And the crown*
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown.”

The Florentines did not take the opportunity of Petrarch's short visit to their city in 1350 to revoke the decree which confiscated the property of his father, who had been banished shortly after the exile of Dante. His crown did not dazzle them; but when in the next year they were in want of his assistance in the formation of their university, they repented of their injustice, and Boccaccio was sent to Padua to intreat the laureate to conclude his wanderings in the bosom of his native country, where he might finish his *immortal Africa*, and enjoy, with his recovered possessions, the esteem of all classes of his fellow-citizens. They gave him the option of the book and the science he might condescend to expound: they called him the glory of his country, who was dear,

¹ “E intorno *alla magnifica risposta*,” &c. Serassi Vita del Tasso, lib. iii. pag. 149. tom. ii. edit. 2. Bergamo.

and would be dearer to them; and they added, that if there was any thing unpleasing in their letter, he ought to return amongst them, were it only to correct their style¹. Petrarch seemed at first to listen to the flattery and to the intreaties of his friend, but he did not return to Florence, and preferred a pilgrimage to the tomb of Laura and the shades of Vaocluse.

Stanza LVIII.

*Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed
His dust.*

Boccaccio was buried in the church of St. Michael and St. James, at Certaldo, a small town in the Valdelsa, which was by some supposed the place of his birth. There he passed the latter part of his life in a course of laborious study, which shortened his existence; and there might his ashes have been secure, if not of honour, at least of repose. But the "hyæna bigots" of Certaldo tore up the tombstone of Boccaccio, and ejected it from the holy precincts of St. Michael and St. James. The occasion and, it

¹ "Accingiti innoltre, se ci è lecito ancor l'esortarti, a compire l'immortal tua Africa Se ti avviene d'incontrare nel nostro stile cosa che ti dispiaccia, ciò debb' essere un altro motivo ad esaudire i desiderj della tua patria." Storia della Lett. Ital. tom. v. par. i. lib. i. pag. 76.

may be hoped, the excuse, of this ejectment was the making of a new floor for the church; but the fact is, that the tomb-stone was taken up and thrown aside at the bottom of the building. Ignorance may share the sin with bigotry. It would be painful to relate such an exception to the devotion of the Italians for their great names, could it not be accompanied by a trait more honourably conformable to the general character of the nation. The principal person of the district, the last branch of the house of Medicis, afforded that protection to the memory of the insulted dead which her best ancestors had dispensed upon all cotemporary merit. The Marchioness Lenzoni rescued the tombstone of Boccaccio from the neglect in which it had sometime lain, and found for it an honourable elevation in her own mansion. She has done more: the house in which the poet lived has been as little respected as his tomb, and is falling to ruin over the head of one indifferent to the name of its former tenant. It consists of two or three little chambers, and a low tower, on which Cosmo II. affixed an inscription. This house she has taken measures to purchase, and proposes to devote to it that care and consideration which are attached to the cradle and to the roof of genius.

This is not the place to undertake the defence of Boccaccio; but the man who exhausted his little patrimony

in the acquirement of learning, who was amongst the first, if not the first, to allure the science and the poetry of Greece to the bosom of Italy;—who not only invented a new style, but founded, or certainly fixed, a new language; who, besides the esteem of every polite court of Europe, was thought worthy of employment by the predominant republic of his own country, and, what is more, of the friendship of Petrarch, who lived the life of a philosopher and a freeman, and who died in the pursuit of knowledge,—such a man might have found more consideration than he has met with from the priest of Certaldo, and from a late English traveller, who strikes off his portrait as an odious, contemptible, licentious writer, whose impure remains should be suffered to rot without a record.¹ That Eng-

¹ Classical Tour, cap. ix. vol. ii. p. 355. edit. 3d. “Of Boccaccio, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence; and it imports little where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust. For the same reason the traveller may pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant Aretino.”

This dubious phrase is hardly enough to save the tourist from the suspicion of another blunder respecting the burial place of Aretine, whose tomb was in the church of St. Luke at Venice, and gave rise to the famous controversy of which some notice is taken in Bayle. Now the words of Mr. Eustace would lead us to think the tomb was at Florence, or at least was to be somewhere recognized. Whether the inscription so much disputed was ever written on the tomb cannot now be decided, for all me-

lish traveller, unfortunately for those who have to deplore the loss of a very amiable person, is beyond all criticism; but the mortality which did not protect Boccaccio from Mr. Eustace, must not defend Mr. Eustace from the impartial judgment of his successors.—Death may canonize his virtues, not his errors; and it may be modestly pronounced that he transgressed, not only as an author, but as a man, when he evoked the shade of Boccaccio in company with that of Aretine, amidst the sepulchres of Santa Croce, merely to dismiss it with indignity. As far as respects

“ Il flagello de' Principi,
Il divin Pietro Aretino,”

it is of little import what censure is passed upon a coxcomb who owes his present existence to the above burlesque character given to him by the poet whose amber has preserved many other grubs and worms: but to classify Boccaccio with such a person, and to excommunicate his very ashes, must of itself make us doubt of the qualification of the classical tourist for writing upon Italian, or, indeed, upon any other literature; for ignorance on one point may incapacitate an author merely for that particular topic, but subjection to a professional prejudice must render him an unsafe memorial of this author has disappeared from the church of St. Luke, which is now changed into a lamp warehouse.

rector on all occasions. Any perversion and injustice may be made what is vulgarly called "a case of conscience," and this poor excuse is all that can be offered for the priest of Certaldo, or the author of the Classical Tour. It would have answered the purpose to confine the censure to the novels of Boccaccio, and gratitude to that source which supplied the muse of Dryden with her last and most harmonious numbers, might perhaps have restricted that censure to the objectionable qualities of the hundred tales. At any rate the repentance of Boccaccio might have arrested his exhumation, and it should have been recollected and told, that in his old age he wrote a letter intreating his friend to discourage the reading of the Decameron, for the sake of modesty, and for the sake of the author, who would not have an apologist always at hand to state in his excuse that he wrote it when young, and at the command of his superiors.¹ It is neither the licentiousness of the writer, nor the evil propensities of the reader, which have given to the Decameron alone, of all the works of Boccaccio, a perpetual popularity. The establish-

¹ "Non enim ubique est, qui in excusationem meam consurgens dicat, juvenis scripsit, et majoris coactus imperio." The letter was addressed to Maghinard of Cavalcanti, marshal of the kingdom of Sicily. See Tiraboschi, Storia, &c. tom. v. par. ii. lib. iii. pag. 525. ed. Ven. 1795.

ment of a new and delightful dialect conferred an immortality on the works in which it was first fixed. The sonnets of Petrarch were, for the same reason, fated to survive his self-admired Africa, the "*favourite of kings*." The invariable traits of nature and feeling with which the novels, as well as the verses, abound, have doubtless been the chief source of the foreign celebrity of both authors; but Boccaccio, as a man, is no more to be estimated by that work, than Petrarch is to be regarded in no other light than as the lover of Laura. Even, however, had the father of the Tuscan prose been known only as the author of the Decameron, a considerate writer would have been cautious to pronounce a sentence irreconcilable with the unerring voice of many ages and nations. An irrevocable value has never been stamped upon any work solely recommended by impurity.

The true source of the outcry against Boccaccio, which began at a very early period, was the choice of his scandalous personages in the cloisters as well as the courts; but the princes only laughed at the gallant adventures so unjustly charged upon Queen Theodelinda, whilst the priesthood cried shame upon the debauches drawn from the convent and the hermitage; and, most probably for the opposite reason,

namely, that the picture was faithful to the life. Two of the novels are allowed to be facts usefully turned into tales, to deride the canonization of rogues and laymen. Ser Ciappelletto and Marcellinus are cited with applause even by the decent Muratori.¹ The great Arnaud, as he is quoted in Bayle, states, that a new edition of the novels was proposed, of which the expurgation consisted in omitting the words "monk" and "nun," and tacking the immoralities to other names. The literary history of Italy particularises no such edition; but it was not long before the whole of Europe had but one opinion of the Decameron; and the absolution of the author seems to have been a point settled at least a hundred years ago: "On se feroit siffler si l'on pretendoit convaincre Boccace de n'avoir pas été honnête homme, puis qu'il a fait le Decameron." So said one of the best men, and perhaps the best critic, that ever lived—the very martyr to impartiality.² But as this information, that in the beginning of the last century one would have been hooted at for pretending that Boccaccio was not a good man, may seem to come from one of those enemies who are to be

¹ Dissertazioni sopra le antichità Italiane. Diss. lviii. p. 253. tom. iii. edit. Milan, 1751.

² *Eclaircissement*, &c. &c. p. 638. edit. Basle, 1741. in the Supplement to Bayle's Dictionary.

suspected, even when they make us a present of truth, a more acceptable contrast with the proscription of the body, soul, and muse of Boccaccio may be found in a few words from the virtuous, the patriotic cotemporary, who thought one of the tales of this impure writer worthy a Latin version from his own pen. "*I have remarked elsewhere,*" says Petrarch, writing to Boccaccio, "*that the book itself has been worried by certain dogs, but stoutly defended by your staff and voice. Nor was I astonished, for I have had proof of the vigour of your mind, and I know you have fallen on that unaccommodating incapable race of mortals who, whatever they either like not, or know not, or cannot do, are sure to reprehend in others; and on those occasions only put on a show of learning and eloquence, but otherwise are entirely dumb.*"¹

It is satisfactory to find that all the priesthood do not resemble those of Certaldo, and that one of them who did not possess the bones of Boccaccio would not lose the opportunity of raising a cenotaph

¹ "*Animadverti alicubi librum ipsum canum dentibus laces-
situm, tuo tamen baculo egregiè tuâque voce defensam. Nec mi-
ratus sum: nam et vires ingenii tui novi, et scio expertus esses
hominum genus insolens et ignavum, qui quicquid ipsi vel nolunt
vel nesciunt, vel non possunt, in aliis reprehendunt: ad hoc
unum docti et arguti, sed elingues ad reliqua.*" . . . Epist. Joan.
Boccaccio. opp. tom. i. p. 540. edit. Basil.

to his memory. Bevius, canon of Padua, at the beginning of the 16th century erected at Arquà, opposite to the tomb of the Laureate, a tablet, in which he associated Boccaccio to the equal honours of Dante and of Petrarch.

Stanza LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?

Our veneration for the Medici begins with Cosmo and expires with his grandson; that stream is pure only at the source; and it is in search of some memorial of the virtuous republicans of the family, that we visit the church of St. Lorenzo at Florence. The tawdry, glaring, unfinished chapel in that church, designed for the mausoleum of the Dukes of Tuscany, set round with crowns and coffins, gives birth to no emotions but those of contempt for the lavish vanity of a race of despots, whilst the pavement slab simply inscribed to the Father of his Country, reconciles us to the name of Medici.¹ It was very natural for Corinna² to suppose that the statue raised to the Duke of Urbino in the *capella de' depositi* was intended for his great namesake; but the magnificent

¹ Cosmus Medices, Decreto Publico. Pater Patriæ.

² Corinne. Liv. xviii. cap. iii. vol. iii. page 248.

Lorenzo is only the sharer of a coffin half hidden in a niche of the sacristy. The decay of Tuscany dates from the sovereignty of the Medici. Of the sepulchral peace which succeeded to the establishment of the reigning families in Italy, our own Sidney has given us a glowing, but a faithful picture. "Notwithstanding all the seditions of Florence, and other cities of Tuscany, the horrid factions of Guelphs and Ghibelins, Neri and Bianchi, nobles and commons, they continued populous, strong, and exceeding rich; but in the space of less than a hundred and fifty years, the peaceable reign of the Medices is thought to have destroyed nine parts in ten of the people of that province. Amongst other things it is remarkable, that when Philip the Second of Spain gave Sienna to the Duke of Florence, his ambassador then at Rome sent him word, that he had given away more than 650,000 subjects; and it is not believed there are now 20,000 souls inhabiting that city and territory. Pisa, Pistoia, Arezzo, Cortona, and other towns, that were then good and populous, are in the like proportion diminished, and Florence more than any. When that city had been long troubled with seditions, tumults, and wars, for the most part unprosperous, they still retained such strength, that when Charles VIII. of France, being admitted as a friend with his whole army, which soon after conquered

the kingdom of Naples, thought to master them, the people taking arms, struck such a terror into him, that he was glad to depart upon such conditions as they thought fit to impose. Machiavel reports, that in that time Florence alone, with the Val d'Arno, a small territory belonging to that city, could, in a few hours, by the sound of a bell, bring together 135,000 well-armed men; whereas now that city, with all the others in that province, are brought to such despicable weakness, emptiness, poverty and baseness, that they can neither resist the oppressions of their own prince, nor defend him or themselves if they were assaulted by a foreign enemy. The people are dispersed or destroyed, and the best families sent to seek habitations in Venice, Genoa, Rome, Naples and Lucca. This is not the effect of war or pestilence; they enjoy a perfect peace, and suffer no other plague than the government they are under."¹ From the usurper Cosmo down to the imbecil Gaston, we look in vain for any of those unmixed qualities which should raise a patriot to the command of his fellow citizens. The Grand Dukes, and particularly the third Cosmo, had operated so entire a change in

¹ On Government, chap. ii. sect. xxvi. pag. 208. edit. 1751. Sidney is, together with Locke and Hoadley, one of Mr. Hume's "*despicable*" writers.

the Tuscan character, that the candid Florentines in excuse for some imperfections in the philanthropic system of Leopold, are obliged to confess that the sovereign was the only liberal man in his dominions. Yet that excellent prince himself had no other notion of a national assembly, than of a body to represent the wants and wishes, not the will of the people.

Stanza LXIII.

An earthquake reeled unheededly away.

“*And such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake, which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by one of the combatants.*”¹ Such is the description of Livy. It may be doubted whether modern tactics would admit of such an abstraction.

The site of the battle of Thrasimene is not to be

¹ “*Tantusque fuit ardor animorum, adeo intentus pugnae animus, ut eum terrae motum qui multarum urbium Italiae magnas partes prostravit, avertitque cursu rapido amnes, mare fluminibus invexit, montes lapsu ingenti proruit, nemo pugnantium senserit.*” . . . Tit. Liv. lib. xxii. cap. xii.

mistaken. The traveller from the village under Cortona to Casa di Piano, the next stage on the way to Rome, has for the first two or three miles, around him, but more particularly to the right, that flat land which Hannibal laid waste in order to induce the Consul Flaminius to move from Arezzo. On his left, and in front of him, is a ridge of hills, bending down towards the lake of Trasimene, called by Livy "montes Cortonenses," and now named the Gualandra. These hills he approaches at Ossaja, a village which the itineraries pretend to have been so denominated from the bones found there: but there have been no bones found there, and the battle was fought on the other side of the hill. From Ossaja the road begins to rise a little, but does not pass into the roots of the mountains until the sixty-seventh mile-stone from Florence. The ascent thence is not steep but perpetual, and continues for twenty minutes. The lake is soon seen below on the right, with Borghetto, a round tower close upon the water; and the undulating hills partially covered with wood, amongst which the road winds, sink by degrees into the marshes near to this tower. Lower than the road, down to the right amidst these woody hillocks, Hannibal placed his horse,¹ in the jaws of or rather

¹ "Equites ad ipsas fauces saltus tumulis apte tegentibus locat." T. Livii, lib. xxii. cap. iv.

above the pass, which was between the lake and the present road, and most probably close to Borghetto, just under the lowest of the "tumuli."¹ On a summit to the left, above the road, is an old circular ruin which the peasants call "the Tower of Hannibal the Carthaginian." Arrived at the highest point of the road, the traveller has a partial view of the fatal plain which opens fully upon him as he descends the Guandola. He soon finds himself in a vale inclosed to the left and in front and behind him by the Guandola hills, bending round in a segment larger than a semicircle, and running down at each end to the lake, which obliques to the right and forms the chord of this mountain arc. The position cannot be guessed at from the plains of Cortona, nor appears to be so completely inclosed unless to one who is fairly within the hills. It then, indeed, appears "a place made as it were on purpose for a snare," *locus insidiis natus*. "Borghetto is then found to stand in a narrow marshy pass close to the hill and to the lake, whilst there is no other outlet at the opposite turn of the mountains than through the little town of Passignano, which is pushed into the water by the foot of a high rocky acclivity."² There is a woody eminence

¹ "Ubi maxime montes Cortonenses Thrasimenus subit." Ibid.

² "Inde colles assurgunt." Ibid.

branching down from the mountains into the upper end of the plain nearer to the side of Passignano, and on this stands a white village called Torre. Polybius seems to allude to this eminence as the one on which Hannibal encamped and drew out his heavy armed Africans and Spaniards in a conspicuous position.¹ From this spot he dispatched his Balearic and light-armed troops round through the Gualandrà heights to the right, so as to arrive unseen and form an ambush amongst the broken acclivities which the road now passes, and to be ready to act upon the left flank and above the enemy, whilst the horse shut up the pass behind. Flaminius came to the lake near Borghetto at sunset; and, without sending any spies before him, marched through the pass the next morning before the day had quite broken, so that he perceived nothing of the horse and light troops above and about him, and saw only the heavy armed Carthaginians in front on the hill of Torre.² The Consul began to draw out his army in the flat, and in the

¹ Τὸν μὲν κατὰ πρόσωπον τῆς πορείας λόφον αὐτὸς κατελάβετο καὶ τοὺς Λίβυας καὶ τοὺς Ἰβηρας ἔχων ἐπ' αὐτοῦ κατεστρατοπέδευσε. Hist. lib. iii. cap. 83. The account in Polybius is not so easily reconcileable with present appearances as that in Livy: he talks of hills to the right and left of the pass and valley; but when Flaminius entered he had the lake at the right of both.

² “A tergo et super caput decipere insidiæ.” T. Liv. &c.

mean time the horse in ambush occupied the pass behind him at Borghetto. Thus the Romans were completely inclosed, having the lake on the right, the main army on the hill of Torre in front, the Gualandra hills filled with the light-armed on their left flank, and being prevented from receding by the cavalry, who, the farther they advanced, stopped up all the outlets in the rear. A fog rising from the lake now spread itself over the army of the consul, but the high lands were in the sun-shine, and all the different corps in ambush looked towards the hill of Torre for the order of attack. Hannibal gave the signal, and moved down from his post on the height. At the same moment all his troops on the eminences behind and in the flank of Flaminius, rushed forwards as it were with one accord into the plain. The Romans, who were forming their array in the mist, suddenly heard the shouts of the enemy amongst them, on every side, and before they could fall into their ranks, or draw their swords, or see by whom they were attacked, felt at once that they were surrounded and lost.

There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain, and this divides the Tuscan from the Papal territories. The second, about a quarter of a mile

further on, is called "the bloody rivulet," and the peasants point out an open spot to the left between the "Sanguinetto" and the hills, which, they say, was the principal scene of slaughter. The other part of the plain is covered with thick set olive trees in corn-grounds, and is no where quite level except near the edge of the lake. It is, indeed, most probable that the battle was fought near this end of the valley, for the six thousand Romans, who, at the beginning of the action, broke through the enemy, escaped to the summit of an eminence which must have been in this quarter, otherwise they would have had to traverse the whole plain and to pierce through the main army of Hannibal.

The Romans fought desperately for three hours, but the death of Flaminius was the signal for a general dispersion. The Carthaginian horse then burst in upon the fugitives, and the lake, the marsh about Borghetto, but chiefly the plain of the Sanguinetto and the passes of the Gualandra, were strewn with dead. Near some old walls on a bleak ridge to the left above the rivulet many human bones have been repeatedly found, and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of the "stream of blood."

Every district of Italy has its hero. In the north some painter is the usual genius of the place, and the

foreign Julio Romano more than divides Mantua with her native Virgil.¹ To the south we hear of Roman names. Near Thrasimene tradition is still faithful to the fame of an enemy, and Hannibal the Carthaginian is the only ancient name remembered on the banks of the Perugian lake. Flaminius is unknown; but the postilions on that road have been taught to show the very spot where *il Console Romano* was slain. Of all who fought and fell in the battle of Thrasimene, the historian himself has, besides the generals and Maharbal, preserved indeed only a single name. You overtake the Carthaginian again on the same road to Rome. The antiquary, that is, the hostler, of the posthouse at Spoleto, tells you that his town repulsed the victorious enemy, and shows you the gate still called *Porta di Annibale*. It is hardly worth while to remark that a French travel writer, well known by the name of the President Dupaty, saw Thrasimene in the lake of Bolsena, which lay conveniently on his way from Sienna to Rome.

¹ About the middle of the XIIth century the coins of Mantua bore on one side the image and figure of Virgil. Zecca d' Italia. pl. xvii. i. 6. . . Voyage dans le Milanais &c. par. A. Z. Millin. tom. ii. pag. 294. Paris, 1817.

Stanza LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus.

No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the temple of the Clitumnus, between Foligno and Spoleto; and no site, or scenery, even in Italy, is more worthy a description. For an account of the dilapidation of this temple, the reader is referred to Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

Stanza LXXI.

Charming the eye with dread, a matchless cataract.

I saw the "Cascata del marmore" of Terni twice, at different periods; once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, fall of Arpenaz, &c. are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.

Stanza LXXII.

An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge.

Of the time, place, and qualities of this kind of Iris

the reader may have seen a short account in a note to *Manfred*. The fall looks so much like "the hell of waters" that Addison thought the descent alluded to by the gulf in which Alecto plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial—this of the Velino, and the one at Tivoli. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake, called *Pie' di Lup*. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe,¹ and the ancient naturalist, amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus.² A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone.³

Stanza LXXIII.

The thundering lauwine.

In the greater part of Switzerland the avalanches are known by the name of lauwine.

¹ "Reatini me ad sua Tempe duxerunt." Cicer. epist. ad Attic. xv. lib. iv.

² "In eodem lacu nullo non die apparere arcus." Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. ii. cap. lxii.

³ Ald. Manut. de Reatina urbe agroque. ap. Sallengre Thesaur. tom. i. p. 773.

Stanza LXXV.

*I abhorred**Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,**The drill dull lesson, forc'd down word by word.*

These stanzas may probably remind the reader of *Ensign Northerton's* remarks: "D—n Homo," &c. but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same. I wish to express that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish, or to reason upon. For the same reason we never can be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shakespeare, ("To be or not to be," for instance), from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind but of memory: so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the Continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle boy; and I believe no one could, or can

be more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life; and my preceptor, (the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury), was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late—when I have erred, and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.

Stanza LXXIX.

The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now.

For a comment on this and the two following stanzas, the reader may consult Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

Stanza LXXXII.

The trebly hundred triumphs!

Orosius gives three hundred and twenty for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinus; and Panvinus by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

Stanza LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot rolled on Fortune's wheel, &c.

Certainly were it not for these two traits in the life of Sylla, alluded to in this stanza, we should regard him as a monster unredeemed by any admirable quality. The *atonement* of his voluntary resignation of empire may perhaps be accepted by us, as it seems to have satisfied the Romans, who if they had not respected must have destroyed him. There could be no mean, no division of opinion; they must have all thought, like Eucrates, that what had appeared ambition was a love of glory, and that what had been mistaken for pride was a real grandeur of soul.¹

Stanza LXXXVI.

And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.

On the third of September Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar; a year afterwards he obtained "his

¹ "Seigneur, vous changez toutes mes idées de la façon dont je vous vois agir. Je croyois que vous aviez de l'ambition, mais aucun amour pour la gloire: je voyois bien que votre ame étoit haute; mais je ne soupçonnois pas quelle fût grande."

Dialogue de Sylla et d'Eucrate.

crowning mercy" of Worcester ; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

Stanza LXXXVII.

*And thou, dread statue! still existent in
The austere form of naked majesty.*

The projected division of the Spada Pompey has already been recorded by the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Mr. Gibbon found it in the memorials of Flaminius Vacca,¹ and it may be added to his mention of it that Pope Julius III. gave the contending owners five hundred crowns for the statue ; and presented it to Cardinal Capo di Ferro, who had prevented the judgment of Solomon from being executed upon the image. In a more civilized age this statue was exposed to an actual operation : for the French who acted the Brutus of Voltaire in the Coliseum, resolved that their Cæsar should fall at the base of that Pompey, which was supposed to have been sprinkled with the blood of the original dictator. The nine foot hero was therefore removed to the Arena of

¹ Memorie, num. lvii, pag 9. ap. Montfaucon *Diarium Italicum*.

the amphitheatre, and to facilitate its transport suffered the temporary amputation of its right arm. The republican tragedians had to plead that the arm was a restoration: but their accusers do not believe that the integrity of the statue would have protected it. The love of finding every coincidence has discovered the true Cæsarean ichor in a stain near the right knee; but colder criticism has rejected not only the blood but the portrait, and assigned the globe of power rather to the first of the emperors than to the last of the republican masters of Rome. Winkelmann¹ is loth to allow an heroic statue of a Roman citizen, but the Grimani Agrippa, a cotemporary almost, is heroic; and naked Roman figures were only very rare, not absolutely forbidden. The face accords much better with the "*hominem integrum et castum et gravem*,"² than with any of the busts of Augustus, and is too stern for him who was beautiful, says Suetonius, at all periods of his life. The pretended likeness to Alexander the Great cannot be discerned, but the traits resemble the medal of Pompey.³ The objectionable globe may not have been an ill applied flattery to him who found Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the centre of the Roman

¹ Storia delle arti, &c. lib. ix. cap. i. pag. 321, 322, tom. ii.

² Cicer. epist. ad Atticum, xi. 6.

³ Published by Causeus in his Museum Romanum.

empire. It seems that Winkelmann has made a mistake in thinking that no proof of the identity of this statue, with that which received the bloody sacrifice, can be derived from the spot where it was discovered.¹ Flaminius Vacca says *sotto una cantina*, and this cantina is known to have been in the Vicolo de' Leutari near the Cancellaria, a position corresponding exactly to that of the Janus before the basilica of Pompey's theatre, to which Augustus transferred the statue after the *curia* was either burnt, or taken down.² Part of the Pompeian shade,³ the portico, existed in the beginning of the XVth century, and the *atrium* was still called *Satrum*. So says Blondus.⁴ At all events, so imposing is the stern majesty of the statue, and so memorable is the story, that the play of the imagination leaves no room for the exercise of the judgment, and the fiction, if a fiction it is, operates on the spectator with an effect not less powerful than truth.

¹ Storia delle arti, &c. *ibid.*

² Sueton. in vit. August. cap. 31, and in vit. C. J. Cæsar, cap. 88. Appian says it was burnt down. See a note of Pitiscus to Suetonius, pag. 224.

³ "Tu modo Pompeia lenta spatiare sub umbra."

Ovid. ar. aman.

⁴ Roma instaurata, lib. ii. fo. 31.

Stanza LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome !

Ancient Rome, like modern Sienna, abounded most probably with images of the foster-mother of her founder ; but there were two she-wolves of whom history makes particular mention. One of these, *of brass in ancient work*, was seen by Dionysius¹ at the temple of Romulus, under the Palatine, and is universally believed to be that mentioned by the Latin historian, as having been made from the money collected by a fine on usurers, and as standing under the Ruminal fig-tree.² The other was that which Cicero³ has celebrated both

¹ Χάλκεια ποιήματα παλαιᾶς ἐργασίας. Antiq. Rom. lib. i.

² “ Ad ficum Ruminalem simulacra infantium conditorum urbis sub uberibus lupæ posuerunt.” Liv. Hist. lib. x. cap. lxxix. This was in the year U. C. 455, or 457.

³ “ Tum statua Nattæ, tum simulacra Deorum, Romulusque et Remus cum altrice bellua vi fulminis icti conciderunt.” De Divinat. ii. 20. “ Tactus est ille etiam qui hanc urbem condidit Romulus, quem inauratum in Capitolio parvum atque lactantem, uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meministis.” In Catilin. iii. 8.

“ Hic silvestris erat Romani nominis altrix
Martia, quæ parvos Mavortis semine natos
Uberibus gravidis vitali rore rigebat
Quæ tum cum pueris flammato fulminis ictu
Concidit, atque avulsa pedum vestigia liquit.”

De Consulatu. lib. ii. (lib. i. de Divinat. cap. ii.)

in prose and verse, and which the historian Dion also records as having suffered the same accident as is alluded to by the orator.¹ The question agitated by the antiquaries is, whether the wolf now in the conservators' palace is that of Livy and Dionysius, or that of Cicero, or whether it is neither one or the other. The earlier writers differ as much as the moderns: Lucius Faunus²

¹ Ἐν γὰρ τῷ καπητωλίῳ ἀνδριάντες τὲ πολλοὶ ὑπὸ κεραυνῶν συνεχωνεύθησαν, καὶ ἀγάλματα ἄλλα τε, καὶ διὸς ἐπὶ κίονος ἰδρυμένον, εἰκὼν τὲ τῆς λυκαίνης σὺν τε τῷ ῥώμῳ καὶ σὺν τῷ ῥωμύλῳ ἰδρυμένη ἔπεση. Dion. Hist. lib. xxxvii. pag. 37. edit. Rob. Steph. 1548. He goes on to mention that the letters of the columns on which the laws were written were liquified and become ἀμυδρά. All that the Romans did was to erect a large statue to Jupiter, looking towards the east: no mention is afterwards made of the wolf. This happened in A. U. C. 689. The Abate Fea, in noticing this passage of Dion, (*Storia delle arti*, &c. tom. i. pag. 202. note x.), says, *Non ostante, aggiunge Dione, che fosse ben fermata*, (the wolf), by which it is clear the Abate translated the Xylandro-Leuclavian version, which puts *quamvis stabilita* for the original ἰδρυμένη, a word that does not mean *ben-fermata*, but only *raised*, as may be distinctly seen from another passage of the same Dion: Ἡ βουλή μὲν οὖν ὁ Ἀγρίππας καὶ τὸν Αὐγουστον ἐταῦθα ἰδρύσαι Hist. lib. lvi. Dion says that Agrippa “wished to raise a statue of Augustus in the Pantheon.”

² “In eadem porticu œnea lupa, cujus uberibus Romulus ac Remus lactantes inhiant, conspicitur: de hac Cicero et Virgilius semper intellexere. Livius hoc signum ab Ædilibus ex pecuniis quibus mulctati essent sceneratores, positum innuit. Antea in

says, that it is the one alluded to by both, which is impossible, and also by Virgil, which may be. Fulvius Ursinus¹ calls it the wolf of Dionysius, and Marlianus² talks of it as the one mentioned by Cicero. To him Rycquius *tremblingly* assents.³ Nardini is inclined to suppose it may be one of the many wolves preserved in ancient Rome; but of the two rather bends to the Ciceronian statue.⁴ Montfaucon⁵ mentions it as a point without doubt. Of the latter writers the decisive Win-

Comitiis ad Ficum Ruminalem, quo loco pueri fuerant expositi locatum pro certo est." Luc. Fauni. de Antiq. Urb. Rom. lib. ii. cap. vii. ap. Sallengre, tom. i. p. 217. In his XVIIth chapter he repeats that the statues were there, but not that they were *found* there.

¹ Ap. Nardini. Roma Vetus. lib. v. cap. iv.

² Marliani. Urb. Rom. topograph. lib. ii. cap. ix. He mentions another wolf and twins in the Vatican. lib. v. cap. xxi.

³ "Non desunt qui hanc ipsam esse putent, quam adpinximus, quæ è comitio in Basilicam Lateranam, cum nonnullis aliis antiquitatum reliquiis, atque hinc in Capitolium postea relata sit, quamvis Marlianus antiquam Capitolinam esse maluit a Tullio descriptam, cui ut in re nimis dubia, trepidè adsentimur." Just. Rycquii de Capit. Roman. Comm. cap. xxiv. pag. 250. edit. Lugd. Bat. 1696.

⁴ Nardini Roma Vetus. lib. v. cap. iv.

⁵ "Lupa hodieque in capitolinis prostat ædibus, cum vestigio fulminis quo ictam narrat Cicero." Diarium. Italic. tom. i. p. 174.

kelmann, proclaims it as having been found at the church of Saint Theodore, where, or near where, was the temple of Romulus, and consequently makes it the wolf of Dionysius. His authority is Lucius Faunus, who, however, only says that it *was placed*, not *found*, at the Ficus Ruminalis by the Comitium, by which he does not seem to allude to the church of Saint Theodore. Rycquius was the first to make the mistake, and Winkelmann followed Rycquius.

Flaminius Vacca tells quite a different story, and says he had heard the wolf with the twins was found² near the arch of Septimius Severus. The commentator on Winkelmann is of the same opinion with that learned person, and is incensed at Nardini for not having remarked that Cicero, in speaking of the wolf struck with lightning in the Capitol, makes use of the past tense. But, with the Abate's leave, Nardini does not positively assert the statue to be that mentioned by Cicero, and, if

¹ Storia delle arti, &c. lib. iii. cap. iii. § ii. note 10. Winkelmann has made a strange blunder in the note, by saying the Ciceronian wolf was *not* in the Capitol, and that Dion was wrong in saying so.

² “ Intesi dire, che l'Ercolo di bronzo, che oggi si trova nella sala di Campidoglio, fu trovato nel foro Romano appresso l'arco di Settimio; e vi fu trovata anche la lupa di bronzo che allata Romolo e Remo, e stà nella Loggia de' conservatori.” Flam. Vacca. Memorie. num. iii. pag. 1. ap. Montfaucon diar. Ital. tom. i.

he had, the assumption would not perhaps have been so exceedingly indiscreet. The Abate himself is obliged to own that there are marks very like the scathing of lightning in the hinder legs of the present wolf; and, to get rid of this, adds, that the wolf seen by Dionysius might have been also struck by lightning, or otherwise injured.

Let us examine the subject by a reference to the words of Cicero. The orator in two places seems to particularize the Romulus and the Remus, especially the first, which his audience remembered to *have been* in the Capitol, as being struck with lightning. In his verses he records that the twins and wolf both fell, and that the latter left behind the marks of her feet. Cicero does not say that the wolf was consumed: and Dion only mentions that it fell down, without alluding, as the Abate has made him, to the force of the blow, or the firmness with which it had been fixed. The whole strength, therefore, of the Abate's argument, hangs upon the past tense; which, however, may be somewhat diminished by remarking that the phrase only shews that the statue was not then standing in its former position. Winkelmann has observed, that the present twins are modern; and it is equally clear that there are marks of gilding on the wolf, which might therefore be supposed to make part of the ancient group. It is known that the sacred images of the Capitol were not destroyed when injured by time or accident, but were put

into certain underground depositaries called *favissæ*.¹ It may be thought possible that the wolf had been so deposited, and had been replaced in some conspicuous situation when the Capitol was rebuilt by Vespasian. Rycquius, without mentioning his authority, tells that it was transferred from the Comitium to the Lateran, and thence brought to the Capitol. If it was found near the arch of Severus, it may have been one of the images which Orosius² says was thrown down in the Forum by lightning when Alaric took the city. That it is of very high antiquity the workmanship is a decisive proof; and that circumstance induced Winkelmann to believe it the wolf of Dionysius. The Capitoline wolf, however, may have been of the same early date as that at the temple of Romulus. Lactantius³ asserts that in his time the Romans worshipped a wolf; and it is known that the Lupercalia held out to a very

¹ Luc. Faun. *ibid*.

² See Note to stanza LXXX. in Historical Illustrations.

³ “Romuli nutrix Lupa honoribus est affecta divinis, et ferrem si animal ipsum fuisset, cujus figuram gerit.” Lactant. de falsa religione. Lib. 1. cap. 20. pag. 101. edit. varior. 1660; that is to say, he would rather adore a wolf than a prostitute. His commentator has observed that the opinion of Livy concerning Laurentia being figured in this wolf was not universal. Strabo thought so. Rycquius is wrong in saying that Lactantius mentions the wolf was in the Capitol.

late period ¹ after every other observance of the ancient superstition had totally expired. This may account for the preservation of the ancient image longer than the other early symbols of Paganism.

It may be permitted, however, to remark that the wolf was a Roman symbol, but that the worship of that symbol is an inference drawn by the zeal of Lactantius. The early Christian writers are not to be trusted in the charges which they make against the Pagans. Eusebius accused the Romans to their faces of worshipping Simon Magus, and raising a statue to him in the island of the Tyber. The Romans had probably never heard of such a person before, who came, however, to play a considerable, though scandalous part in the church history, and has left several tokens of his aerial combat with St. Peter at Rome; notwithstanding that an inscription found in this very island of the Tyber shewed the Simon Magus of Eusebius to be a certain indigenal god, called Semo Sangus or Fidius. ²

¹ To A. D. 496. Quis credere possit, says Baronius, [Ann. Eccle. tom. viii. p. 602. in an. 496.] “viguisset adhuc Romæ ad Gelasii tempora, quæ fuere ante exordia urbis allata in Italiam Lupercalia?” Gelasius wrote a letter which occupies four folio pages to Andromachus, the senator, and others, to shew that the rites should be given up.

² Eusebius has these words; καὶ ἀνδριάντι παρ’ ὑμῶν ὡς θεός, τιτίμνηται, ἐν τῷ τίβερι ποταμῷ μεταξὺ τῶν δύο γεφυρῶν, ἔχων ἐπιγραφὴν ῥωμαϊκὴν ταύτην Σίμωνι δέω Σάγκτω. Ecclesi. Hist. Lib. ii. cap. xiii.

Even when the worship of the founder of Rome had been abandoned, it was thought expedient to humour the habits of the good matrons of the city by sending them with their sick infants to the church of Saint Theodore, as they had before carried them to the temple of Romulus.¹ The practice is continued to this day; and the site of the above church seems to be thereby identified with that of the temple: so that if the wolf had been really found there, as Winkelmann says, there would be no doubt of the present statue being that seen by Dionysius.² But Faunus, in saying that it was at the Ficus Ruminalis by the Comitium, is only talking of its ancient position as recorded by Pliny; and even if he had been remarking where it was found, would not have alluded

p. 40. Justin Martyr had told the story before; but Baronius himself was obliged to detect this fable. See Nardini *Roma Vet.* lib. vii. cap. xii.

¹ “In essa gli antichi pontefici per toglier la memoria de’ giuochi Lupercali istituiti in onore di Romolo, introdussero l’uso di portarvi Bambini oppressi da infermità occulte, acciò si liberino per l’intercessione di questo Santo, come di continuo si sperimenta.” Rione xii. Ripa accurata e succinta descrizione, &c. di Roma Moderna dell’ Ab. Ridolf. Venuti, 1766.

² Nardini, lib. v. cap. 11. convicts Pomponius Lætus *crassi erroris*, in putting the Ruminal fig-tree at the church of Saint Theodore: but, as Livy says, the wolf was at the Ficus Ruminalis, and Dionysius at the temple of Romulus, he is obliged, (cap. iv.) to own that the two were close together, as well as the Lupercal cave, shaded, as it were, by the fig-tree,

to the church of Saint Theodore, but to a very different place, near which it was then thought the Ficus Ruminalis had been, and also the Comitium; that is, the three columns by the church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, at the corner of the Palatine looking on the Forum.

It is, in fact, a mere conjecture where the image was actually dug up,¹ and perhaps, on the whole, the marks of the gilding, and of the lightning, are a better argument in favour of its being the Ciceronian wolf than any that can be adduced for the contrary opinion. At any rate, it is reasonably selected in the text of the poem as one of the most interesting relics of the ancient city,² and is certainly the figure, if not the very animal to which Virgil alludes in his beautiful verses:

“Geminos huic ubera circum
Ludere pendentes pueros et lambere matrem

¹ “Ad comitium ficus olim Ruminalis germinabat, sub qua lupæ rumam, hoc est, mammam, docente Varrone, suxerant olim Romulus et Remus; non procul a templo hodie D. Mariæ Liberatricis appellato ubi *forsan* inventa nobilis illa ænea statua lupæ geminos puerulos lactantis, quam hodie in capitolis videmus.” Olai Borrichii antiqua Urbis Romana facies, cap. x. See also cap. xii. Borrichius wrote after Nardini in 1687. Ap. Græv. Antiq. Rom. tom. iv. p. 1522.

² Donatus, lib. xi. cap. 18. gives a medal representing on one side the wolf in the same position as that in the Capitol; and in the reverse the wolf with the head not reverted. It is of the time of Antoninus Pius.

Impavidos : illam teriti cervice reflexam
Mulcere alternos, et fingere corpora lingua." ¹

Stanza XC.

For the Roman's mind

Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould.

It is possible to be a very great man and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general—the only triumphant politician—inferior to none in eloquence—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom, in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators and philosophers that ever appeared in the world—an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling carriage—at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another writing a treatise on punning, and collecting a set of good sayings—fighting² and making love at the

¹ Æn. viii. 631. See—Dr. Middleton, in his Letter from Rome, who inclines to the Ciceronian wolf, but without examining the subject.

² In his tenth book, Lucan shews him sprinkled with the blood of Pharsalia in the arms of Cleopatra,

same moment, and willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the Fountains of the Nile. Such did Julius Cæsar appear to his contemporaries and to those of the subsequent ages, who were the most inclined to deplore and execrate his fatal genius.

But we must not be so much dazzled with his surpassing glory or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his impartial countryman :

HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN.¹

Sanguine Thessalicæ cladis perfusus adulter
Admisit Venerem curis, et miscuit armis.

After feasting with his mistress, he sits up all night to converse with the Ægyptian sages, and tells Achoreus,

Spes sit mihi certa videndi
Niliacos fontes, bellum civile relinquam.

“ Sic velut in tuta securi pace trahebant
Noctis iter medium.”

Immediately afterwards, he is fighting again and defending every position.

“ Sed adest defensor ubique
Cæsar et hos aditus gladiis, hos ignibus arcet
. cœca nocte carinis
Insiluit Cæsar semper feliciter usus
Præcipiti cursu bellorum et tempore raptō.”

¹ “ Jure cœsus existemetur,” says Suetonius after a fair estimation of his character, and making use of a phrase which was a

Stanza XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap?

Our senses narrow, and our reason frail.

“ omnes pene veteres; qui nihil cognosci, nihil percepi, nihil sciri posse dixerunt; angustos sensus; imbecillos animos, brevia curricula vitæ; in profundo veritatem demersam; opinionibus et institutis omnia teneri; nihil veritati relinqui: deinceps omnia tenebris circumfusa esse dixerunt.”¹ The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this, have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity: and the complaints of the ancient philosophers may, without injustice or affectation, be transcribed in a poem written yesterday.

Stanza XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days.

Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capodi Bove, in the Appian Way. See—Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto of Childe Harold.

formula in Livy's time. “Melium jure cæsum pronuntiavit, etiam si regni crimine insons fuerit:” [lib. iv. cap. 48.] and which was continued in the legal judgments pronounced in justifiable homicides, such as killing housebreakers. See Sueton. in vit. C. J. Cæsar, with the commentary of Pitiscus, p. 184.

¹ Academ. 1. 13.

Stanza CII.

*Prophetic of the doom**Heaven gives its favourites—early death.*

Ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος

Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐκ αἰσχροὺν ἀλλ' αἰσχροῶς θανεῖν.

Rich. Franc. Phil. Brunck. Poetæ Gnomici,
p. 231, edit. 1784.

Stanza CVIII.

*There is the moral of all human tales ;**'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,**First Freedom, and then Glory, &c.*

The author of the Life of Cicero, speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator and his cotemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage: “ From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms, how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture: while this remote country, anciently the

jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running perhaps the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline, and corruption of morals: till by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it fall a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing every thing that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism.”¹

Stanza CX.

And apostolic statues climb

To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime.

The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul. See—Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto, &c.

¹ The History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero, sect. vi. vol. ii. p. 102. The contrast has been reversed in a late extraordinary instance. A gentleman was thrown into prison at Paris; efforts were made for his release. The French minister continued to detain him, under the pretext that he was not an Englishman but only *a Roman*. See “Interesting facts relating to Joachim Murat,” pag. 139.

Stanza CXI.

Still we Trajan's name adore.

Trajan was *proverbially* the best of the Roman princes: ¹ and it would be easier to find a sovereign uniting exactly the opposite characteristics, than one possessed of all the happy qualities ascribed to this emperor. "When he mounted the throne," says the historian Dion, ² "he was strong in body, he was vigorous in mind; age had impaired none of his faculties; he was altogether free from envy and from detraction; he honored all the good and he advanced them; and on this account they could not be the objects of his fear, or of his hate; he never listened to informers; he gave

¹ "Hujus tantum memoriæ delatum est ut, usque ad nostram ætatem non aliter in Senatu principibus acclamatur, nisi, FELICIOR. AVGVSTO. MELIOR. TRAJANO." Eutrop. Brev. Hist. Rom. lib. viii. cap. v.

² Τῷ τε γὰρ σώματι ἔρρωτο καὶ τῇ ψυχῇ ἠκμαζεν, ὥς μήθ' ὑπὸ γήρως ἀμβλύνεσθαι . . . καὶ οὐτ' ἐφθόνει, οὔτε καθήρει τινα, ἀλλὰ καὶ πάνυ πάντας τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς ἐτίμα καὶ ἐμαγάλυνε· καὶ διὰ τοῦτο οὔτε ἐφοβείτο τινα αὐτῶν, οὔτε ἐμίσει . . διαβολαῖς τε ἥκιστα ἐπίστευε καὶ ὀργῇ ἥκιστα ἐδουλοῦτο· τῶν τε χρημάτων τῶν ἀλλωτρίων ἴσα καὶ φόνων τῶν ἀδίκων ἀπέχετο φιλούμενός τε οὐκ ἐπ' αὐτοῖς μάλλον ἢ τιμώμενος ἔχαιρε, καὶ τῷ τε δήμῳ μετ' ἐπιεικείας συνεγίνετο, καὶ τῇ γηρουσίᾳ σεμνοπρεπῶς ὠμίλει· ἀγαπητὸς μὲν πᾶσι· φοβερὸς δὲ μηδενὶ, πλὴν πολεμίοις, ὦν. Hist. Rom. lib. lxxviii. cap. vi. & vii. tom. ii. p. 1123, 1124, edit. Hamb. 1750.

not way to his anger ; he abstained equally from unfair exactions and unjust punishments ; he had rather be loved as a man than honoured as a sovereign ; he was affable with his people, respectful to the senate, and universally beloved by both ; he inspired none with dread but the enemies of his country."

Stanza CXIV.

Rienzi, last of Romans.

The name and exploits of Rienzi must be familiar to the reader of Gibbon. Some details and inedited manuscripts relative to this unhappy hero, will be seen in the Illustrations of the IVth Canto.

Stanza CXV.

*Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast.*

The respectable authority of Flaminius Vacca would incline us to believe in the claims of the Egerian grotto.¹ He assures us that he saw an inscription in

¹ " Poco lontano dal detto luogo si scende ad un casaleto, del quale ne sono Padroni li Cafarelli, che con questo nome è chia-

the pavement, stating that the fountain was that of Egeria dedicated to the nymphs. The inscription is not there at this day; but Montfaucon quotes two lines¹ of Ovid from a stone in the Villa Giustiniani, which he seems to think had been brought from the same grotto.

This grotto and valley were formerly frequented in summer, and particularly the first Sunday in May, by the modern Romans, who attached a salubrious quality to the fountain which trickles from an orifice at the bottom of the vault, and, overflowing the little pools, creeps down the matted grass into the brook below. The brook is the Ovidian Almo, whose name and qualities are lost in the modern Aquataccio. The valley itself is called Valle di Caffarelli, from the dukes of that name who

mato il luogo; vi è una fontana sotto una gran volta antica, che al presente si gode, e li Romani vi vanno l'estate a ricrearsi; nel pavimento di essa fonte si legge in un epitaffio essere quella la fonte di Egeria, dedicata alle ninfe. e questa, dice l'epitaffio, essere la medesima fonte in cui fu convertita." *Memorie, &c.* ap. Nardini, pag. 13. He does not give the inscription.

¹ "In villa Justiniana extat ingens lapis quadratus solidus in quo sculpta hæc duo Ovidii carmina sunt

Ægeria est quæ præbet aquas dea grata Camœnis

Illa Numæ conjunx consiliumque fuit.

Qui lapis videtur ex eodem Egeriæ fonte, aut ejus vicinia isthuc comportatus." *Diarium. Italic.* p. 153.

made over their fountain to the Pallavicini, with sixty *rubbia* of adjoining land.

There can be little doubt that this long dell is the Egerian valley of Juvenal, and the pausing place of Umbrilius, notwithstanding the generality of his commentators have supposed the descent of the satirist and his friend to have been into the Arician grove, where the nymph met Hippolitus, and where she was more peculiarly worshipped.

The step from the Porta Capena to the Alban hill, fifteen miles distant, would be too considerable, unless we were to believe in the wild conjecture of Vossius, who makes that gate travel from its present station, where he pretends it was during the reign of the Kings, as far as the Arician grove, and then makes it recede to its old site with the shrinking city.¹ The tufo, or pumice, which the poet prefers to marble, is the substance composing the bank in which the grotto is sunk.

The modern topographers² find in the grotto the statue of the nymph and nine niches for the Muses, and

¹ De Magnit. Vet. Rom. ap. Græv. Ant. Rom. tom. iv. p. 1507.

² Echinard. Descrizione di Roma e dell' agro Romano corretto dall' Abate Venuti in Roma, 1750. They believe in the grotto and nymph. "Simulacro di questo fonte, essendovi sculpite le acque a pie di esso."

a late traveller¹ has discovered that the cave is restored to that simplicity which the poet regretted had been exchanged for injudicious ornament. But the headless statue is palpably rather a male than a nymph, and has none of the attributes ascribed to it at present visible. The nine Muses could hardly have stood in six niches; and Juvenal certainly does not allude to any individual cave.² Nothing can be collected from the satirist but that somewhere near the Porta Capena was a spot in which it was supposed Numa held nightly consultations with his nymph, and where there was a grove and a sacred fountain, and fanes once consecrated to the Muses; and that from this spot there was a descent into the valley of Egeria, where were several artificial caves. It is clear that the statues of the Muses made no part of the decoration which the satirist thought misplaced

¹ Classical Tour. chap. vi. p. 217. vol. ii.

² "Substitit ad veteres arcus, madidamque Capenam,
Hic ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amicæ.
Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur
Judæis quorum cophinum fœnumque supellex.
Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere jussa est
Arbor, et ejectis mendicat silva Camœnis.
In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
Dissimiles veris: quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum."

Sat. III.

in these caves; for he expressly assigns other fanes (delubra) to these divinities above the valley, and moreover tells us that they had been ejected to make room for the Jews. In fact the little temple, now called that of Bacchus, was formerly thought to belong to the Muses, and Nardini¹ places them in a poplar grove, which was in his time above the valley.

It is probable, from the inscription and position, that the cave now shown may be one of the “artificial caverns,” of which, indeed, there is another a little way higher up the valley, under a tuft of alder bushes: but a *single* grotto of Egeria is a mere modern invention, grafted upon the application of the epithet Egerian to these nympha in general, and which might send us to look for the haunts of Numa upon the banks of the Thames.

Our English Juvenal was not seduced into mistranslation by his acquaintance with Pope: he carefully preserves the correct plural—

“Thence slowly winding down the vale, we view
The Egerian *grots*; oh, how unlike the true!”

The valley abounds with springs,² and over these springs, which the Muses might haunt from their neigh-

¹ Lib. iii. cap. iii.

² “Undique e solo aquæ scaturiunt.” Nardini, lib. iii. cap. iii.

bouring groves, Egeria presided : hence she was said to supply them with water ; and she was the nymph of the grottos through which the fountains were taught to flow.

The whole of the monuments in the vicinity of the Egerian valley have received names at will, which have been changed at will. Venuti¹ owns he can see no traces of the temples of Jove, Saturn, Juno, Venus, and Diana, which Nardini found, or hoped to find. The mutatorium of Caracalla's circus, the temple of Honour and Virtue, the temple of Bacchus, and, above all, the temple of the god Rediculus, are the antiquaries' despair.

The circus of Caracalla depends on a medal of that emperor cited by Fulvius Ursinus, of which the reverse shows a circus, supposed, however, by some to represent the Circus Maximus. It gives a very good idea of that place of exercise. The soil has been but little raised, if we may judge from the small cellular structure at the end of the Spina, which was probably the chapel of the god Consus. This cell is half beneath the soil, as it must have been in the circus itself, for Dionysius² could not be persuaded to believe that this divinity was the Roman Neptune, because his altar was underground.

¹ Echinard, &c. Cic. cit. p. 297-298.

² Antiq. Rom. lib. ii. cap. xxxi.

Stanza CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly.

“ At all events,” says the author of the Academical Questions, “ I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of Englishmen and the luminous source of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time while reason slumbers in the citadel : but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty, support each other ; he who will not reason, is a bigot ; he who cannot, is a fool ; and he who dares not, is a slave.” Preface, p. xiv, xv. vol. i. 1805.

Stanza CXXXII.

*Great Nemesis!**Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long.*

We read in Suetonius that Augustus, from a warning received in a dream,¹ counterfeited, once a year, the beggar, sitting before the gate of his palace with his hand hollowed and stretched out for charity. A statue formerly in the Villa Borghese, and which should be now at Paris, represents the Emperor in that posture of supplication. The object of this self degradation was the appeasement of Nemesis, the perpetual attendant on good fortune, of whose power the Roman conquerors were also reminded by certain symbols attached to their cars of triumph. The symbols were the whip and the *crotalo*, which were discovered in the Nemesis of the Vatican. The attitude of beggary made the above statue pass for that of Belisarius: and until the criticism of Winkelmann² had rectified the

¹ Sueton. in vit. Augusti. cap. 91. Casaubon, in the note, refers to Plutarch's Lives of Camillus and Æmilius Paulus, and also to his apothegms, for the character of this deity. The hollowed hand was reckoned the last degree of degradation: and when the dead body of the præfect Rufinus was borne about in triumph by the people, the indignity was increased by putting his hand in that position.

² Storia delle arti, &c. lib. xii. cap. iii. tom. ii. p. 422. Vis-

mistake, one fiction was called in to support another. It was the same fear of the sudden termination of prosperity that made Amasis king of Egypt warn his friend Polycrates of Samos, that the gods loved those whose lives were chequered with good and evil fortunes. Nemesis was supposed to lie in wait particularly for the prudent: that is, for those whose caution rendered them accessible only to mere accidents: and her first altar was raised on the banks of the Phrygian *Æsepus* by *Adrastus*, probably the prince of that name who killed the son of *Cræsus* by mistake. Hence the goddess was called *Adrastea*.¹

The Roman *Nemesis* was *sacred* and *august*; there was a temple to her in the *Palatine* under the name of *Rhamnusia*:² so great indeed was the propensity of the ancients to trust to the revolution of events, and to believe in the divinity of *Fortune*, that in the same *Palatine* there was a temple to the *Fortune of the day*.³ This is the last superstition

conti calls the statue, however, a *Cybele*. It is given in the *Museo Pio-Clement.* tom. i. par. 40. The *Abate Fea* (*Spiegazione dei Rami. Storia, &c.* tom. iii. p. 513.) calls it a *Chrysippus*.

¹ *Dict. de Bayle*, article *Adrastea*.

² It is enumerated by the regionary *Victor*.

³ *Fortunæ hujusce diei*. *Cicero* mentions her, *de legib.* lib. ii.

which retains its hold over the human heart; and from concentrating in one object the credulity so natural to man, has always appeared strongest in those unembarrassed by other articles of belief. The antiquaries have supposed this goddess to be synonymous with fortune and with fate: ¹ but it was in her vindictive quality that she was worshipped under the name of Nemesis.

Stanza CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie.

Whether the wonderful statue which suggested this image be a laquearian gladiator, which in spite of Winkelmann's criticism has been stoutly maintained, ² or

¹ DEAE NEMESI
SIVÆ FORTUNAE
PISTORIVS
RVGIANVS
V. C. LEGAT.
LEG. XIII. G.
GORD.

See *Questiones Romanæ*, &c. Ap. Græv. *Antiq. Roman.* tom. v. p. 942. See also Muratori. *Nov. Thesaur. Inscrip. Vet.* tom. i. p. 88, 89, where there are three Latin and one Greek inscription to Nemesis, and others to Fate.

² By the Abate Bracci, *dissertazione supra un clipeo votivo*, &c.

whether it be a Greek herald, as that great antiquary positively asserted,¹ or whether it is to be thought a Spartan or barbarian shield-bearer, according to the opinion of his Italian editor,² it must assuredly seem *a copy* of that masterpiece of Ctesilaus which represented “a wounded man dying who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him.”³ Montfaucon⁴ and Maffei⁵ thought it the identical statue; but that statue was of bronze. The gladiator was once in the villa Ludovizi, and was bought by Clement XII. The right arm is an entire restoration of Michael Angelo.⁶

Preface, pag. 7. who accounts for the cord round the neck, but not for the horn, which it does not appear the gladiators themselves ever used. Note A, Storia delle arti, tom. ii. p. 205.

¹ Either Polifontes, herald of Laius, killed by Ædipus; or Crepeas, herald of Euritheus, killed by the Athenians when he endeavoured to drag the Heraclidæ from the altar of mercy, and in whose honour they instituted annual games, continued to the time of Hadrian; or Anthemocritus, the Athenian herald, killed by the Megarenses, who never recovered the impiety. See Storia, delle arti, &c. tom. ii. pag. 203, 204, 205, 206, 207. lib. ix. cap. ii.

² Storia, &c. tom. ii. p. 207. Not. (A).

³ “Vulneratum deficientem fecit in quo possit intelligi quantum restat animæ.” Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxiv. cap. 8.

⁴ Antiq. tom. iii. par. 2. tab. 155.

⁵ Racc. stat. tab. 64.

⁶ Mus. Capitol. tom. iii. p. 154. edit. 1755.

Stanza CXLI.

*He, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.*

Gladiators were of two kinds, compelled and voluntary; and were supplied from several conditions; from slaves sold for that purpose; from culprits; from barbarian captives either taken in war, and, after being led in triumph, set apart for the games, or those seized and condemned as rebels; also from free citizens, some fighting for hire, (*auctorati*,) others from a depraved ambition: at last even knights and senators were exhibited, a disgrace of which the first tyrant was naturally the first inventor.¹ In the end, dwarfs, and even women, fought; an enormity prohibited by Severus. Of these the most to be pitied undoubtedly were the barbarian captives; and to this species a Christian writer² justly applies the epithet "*innocent*," to distinguish them from the professional gladiators. Aurelian and Claudius supplied great numbers of these unfortunate victims; the one after his triumph, and the other on the pretext of a rebellion.³ No war,

¹ Julius Cæsar, who rose by the fall of the aristocracy, brought Furius Leptinus and A. Calenus upon the arena.

² Tertullian, "certe quidem et innocentes gladiatores in ludum veniunt, at voluptatis publicæ hostiæ fiant." Just. Lips. Saturn. Sermon. lib. ii. cap. iii.

³ Vopiscus. in vit. Aurel. and, in vit. Claud. ibid.

says Lipsius,¹ was ever so destructive to the human race as these sports. In spite of the laws of Constantine and Constans, gladiatorial shows survived the old established religion more than seventy years; but they owed their final extinction to the courage of a Christian. In the year 404, on the kalends of January, they were exhibiting the shows in the Flavian amphitheatre before the usual immense concourse of people. Almachius or Telemachus, an eastern monk, who had travelled to Rome intent on his holy purpose, rushed into the midst of the area, and endeavoured to separate the combatants. The prætor Alypius, a person incredibly attached to these games,² gave instant orders to the gladiators to slay him; and Telemachus gained the crown of martyrdom, and the title of saint, which surely has never either before or since been awarded for a more noble exploit. Honorius immediately abolished the shows, which were never afterwards revived. The story is told by Theodoret³ and Cassiodorus,⁴ and seems worthy of credit notwithstanding its place in

¹ "Credo imò scio nullum bellum tantam cladem vastitiemque generi humano intulisse, quam hos ad voluptatem ludos." Just. Lips. *ibid.* lib. i. cap. xii.

² Augustinus, (lib. vi. confess. cap. viii.) "Alypium suum gladiatrii spectaculi inhiatu incredibiliter abreptum," scribit. *ib.* lib. i. cap. xii.

³ Hist. Eccles. cap. xxvi. lib. v.

⁴ Cassiod. Tripartita. l. x. c. xi. Saturn. *ib.* *ib.*

the Roman martyrology.¹ Besides the torrents of blood which flowed at the funerals, in the amphitheatres, the circus, the forums, and other public places, gladiators were introduced at feasts, and tore each other to pieces amidst the supper tables, to the great delight and applause of the guests. Yet Lipsius permits himself to suppose the loss of courage, and the evident degeneracy of mankind, to be nearly connected with the abolition of these bloody spectacles.²

Stanza CXLII.

*Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd.*

When one gladiator wounded another, he shouted "*he has it,*" "*hoc habet,*" or "*habet.*" The wounded

¹ Baronius. ad. ann. et in notis ad Martyrol. Rom. 1. Jan. See—Marangoni delle memorie sacre e profane dell' Anfiteatro Flavio, p. 25. edit. 1746.

² "Quod? non tu Lipsi momentum aliquod habuisse censes ad virtutem? Magnum. Tempora nostra, nosque ipsos videamus. Oppidum ecce unum alterumve captum, direptum est; tumultus circa nos, non in nobis: et tamen concidimus et turbamur. Ubi robur, ubi tot per annos meditata sapientiæ studia? ubi ille animus qui possit dicere, *si fractus illabatur orbis?*" &c. ibid. lib. ii. cap. xxv. The prototype of Mr. Windham's panegyric on bull-baiting.

combatant dropped his weapon, and advancing to the edge of the arena, supplicated the spectators. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain. They were occasionally so savage that they were impatient if a combat lasted longer than ordinary without wounds or death. The emperor's presence generally saved the vanquished: and it is recorded as an instance of Caracalla's ferocity, that he sent those who supplicated him for life, in a spectacle at Nicomedia, to ask the people; in other words, handed them over to be slain. A similar ceremony is observed at the Spanish bull-fights. The magistrate presides; and after the horse-men and piccadores have fought the bull, the matadore steps forward and bows to him for permission to kill the animal. If the bull has done his duty by killing two or three horses, or a man, which last is rare, the people interfere with shouts, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and the animal is saved. The wounds and death of the horses are accompanied with the loudest acclamations, and many gestures of delight, especially from the female portion of the audience, including those of the gentlest blood. Every thing depends on habit. The author of *Childe Harold*, the writer of this note, and one or two other Englishmen, who have certainly in other days borne the sight of a

pitched battle, were, during the summer of 1809, in the governor's box at the great amphitheatre of Santa Maria, opposite to Cadiz. The death of one or two horses completely satisfied their curiosity. A gentleman present, observing them shudder and look pale, noticed that unusual reception of so delightful a sport to some young ladies, who stared and smiled, and continued their applauses as another horse fell bleeding to the ground. One bull killed three horses *off his own horns*. He was saved by acclamations which were redoubled when it was known he belonged to a priest.

An Englishman who can be much pleased with seeing two men beat themselves to pieces, cannot bear to look at a horse galloping round an arena with his bowels trailing on the ground, and turns from the spectacle and the spectators with horror and disgust.

Stanza CXLIV.

Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's brow.

Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate, which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

Stanza CXLV.

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand.

This is quoted in the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; and a notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the Historical Illustrations to the IVth Canto of Childe Harold.

Stanza CXLVI.

. spared and blest by time.

“Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fires, though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotundo. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church.”

Forsyth's Remarks, &c. on Italy, p. 137. sec. edit.

Stanza CXLVII.

*And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honoured forms, whose busts around
them close.*

The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great, or, at least, distinguished, men. The flood of light which once fell through the large orb above on the whole circle of divinities, now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals, some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the veneration of their countrymen.

Stanza CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light.

This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the Roman daughter, which is recalled to the traveller, by the site or pretended site of that adventure now shewn at the church of St. Nicholas *in carcere*. The difficulties attending the full belief of the tale are stated in Historical Illustrations, &c.

Stanza CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on high.

The castle of St. Angelo. See—Historical Illustrations.

Stanza CLIII.

This and the six next stanzas have a reference to the church of St. Peter's. For a measurement of the comparative length of this basilica, and the other great churches of Europe, see the pavement of St. Peter's, and the Classical Tour through Italy, vol. ii. pag. 125. et seq. chap. iv.

Stanza CLXXI.

*the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns.*

Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety; and, "the greatest is behind," Napoleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

Stanza CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi! navelled in the woody hills.

The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*. Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano.

Stanza CLXXIV.

And afar

*The Tyber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast, &c. &c.*

The whole declivity of the Alban hill is of unrivalled beauty, and from the convent on the highest point, which has succeeded to the temple of the Latian Jupiter, the prospect embraces all the objects alluded to in the cited stanza: the Mediterranean; the whole scene of the latter half of the *Æneid*, and the coast from beyond the mouth of the Tyber to the headland of Circæum and the Cape of Terracina.

The site of Cicero's villa may be supposed either at the Grotta Ferrata, or at the Tusculum of Prince Lucien Buonaparte.

The former was thought some years ago the actual site, as may be seen from Middleton's Life of Cicero. At present it has lost something of its credit, except for the Domenichinos. Nine monks of the Greek order live there, and the adjoining villa is a cardinal's summer house. The other villa, called Rufinella, is on the summit of the hill above Frascati, and many rich remains of Tusculum have been found there, besides seventy-two statues of different merit and preservation, and seven busts.

From the same eminence are seen the Sabine hills, embosomed in which lies the long valley of Rustica. There are several circumstances which tend to establish the identity of this valley with the "*Ustica*" of Horace; and it seems possible that the mosaic pavement which the peasants uncover by throwing up the earth of a vineyard, may belong to his villa. Rustica is pronounced short, not according to our stress upon—" *Ustica cubantis*."—It is more rational to think that we are wrong than that the inhabitants of this secluded valley have changed their tone in this word. The addition of the consonant prefixed is nothing: yet it is necessary to be aware that Rustica may be a modern name which the peasants may have caught from the antiquaries.

The villa, or the mosaic, is in a vineyard on a knoll covered with chestnut trees. A stream runs down the

valley, and although it is not true, as said in the guide books, that this stream is called Licenza, yet there is a village on a rock at the head of the valley which is so denominated, and which may have taken its name from the Digentia. Licenza contains 700 inhabitants. On a peak a little way beyond is Civitella, containing 300. On the banks of the Anio, a little before you turn up into Valle Rustica, to the left, about an hour from the *villa*, is a town called Vico-varo, another favourable coincidence with the *Varia* of the poet. At the end of the valley, towards the Anio, there is a bare hill, crowned with a little town called Bardela. At the foot of this hill the rivulet of Licenza flows, and is almost absorbed in a wide sandy bed before it reaches the Anio. Nothing can be more fortunate for the lines of the poet, whether in a metaphorical or direct sense :

“ Me quotiens reficit gelidus Digentia rivus.

Quem Mandela bibit rugosus frigore pagus.”

The stream is clear high up the valley, but before it reaches the hill of Bardela looks green and yellow like a sulphur rivulet.

Rocca Giovane, a ruined village in the hills, half an hour's walk from the vineyard where the pavement is shown, does seem to be the site of the fane of Vacuna, and an inscription found there tells that this temple of the Sabine victory was repaired by Vespa-

sian.¹ With these helps, and a position corresponding exactly to every thing which the poet has told us of his retreat, we may feel tolerably secure of our site.

The hill which should be Lucretilis is called Campanile, and by following up the rivulet to the pretended Bandusia, you come to the roots of the higher mountain Gennaro. Singularly enough the only spot of ploughed land in the whole valley is on the knoll where this Bandusia rises,

“ tu frigus amabile

Fessis vomere tauris

Præbes, et pecori vago.”

The peasants show another spring near the mosaic pavement which they call “Oradina,” and which flows down the hills into a tank, or mill dam, and thence trickles over into the Digentia.

But we must not hope

“To trace the Muses upwards to their spring”

by exploring the windings of the romantic valley in search of the Bandusian fountain. It seems strange

¹ MP. CÆSAR VESPASIANVS

PONTIFEX MAXIMVS. TRIB.

POTEST. CENSOR. ÆDEM

VICTORIÆ. VETVSTATE ILLAPSAM.

SVA. IMPENSA. RESTITVIT.

that any one should have thought Bandusia a fountain of the Digentia—Horace has not let drop a word of it; and this immortal spring has in fact been discovered in possession of the holders of many good things in Italy, the monks. It was attached to the church of St. Gervais and Protais near Venusia, where it was most likely to be found.¹ We shall not be so lucky as a late traveller in finding the *occasional pine* still pendant on the poetic villa. There is not a pine in the whole valley, but there are two cypresses, which he evidently took, or mistook, for the tree in the ode.² The truth is, that the pine is now, as it was in the days of Virgil, a garden tree, and it was not at all likely to be found in the craggy acclivities of the valley of Rustica. Horace probably had one of them in the orchard close above his farm, immediately overshadowing his villa, not on the rocky heights at some distance from his abode. The tourist may have easily supposed himself to have seen this pine figured in the above cypresses, for the orange and lemon trees which throw such a bloom over his description of the royal gardens at Naples, unless they have been since displaced, were as-

¹ See—Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto, p. 43.

² See—Classical Tour, &c. chap. vii. p. 250. vol. ii.

surely only acacias and other common garden shrubs. The extreme disappointment experienced by choosing the *Classical Tourist* as a guide in Italy must be allowed to find vent in a few observations, which, it is asserted without fear of contradiction, will be confirmed by every one who has selected the same conductor through the same country. This author is in fact one of the most inaccurate, unsatisfactory writers that have in our times attained a temporary reputation, and is very seldom to be trusted even when he speaks of objects which he must be presumed to have seen. His errors, from the simple exaggeration to the downright mistatement, are so frequent as to induce a suspicion that he had either never visited the spots described, or had trusted to the fidelity of former writers. Indeed the *Classical Tour* has every characteristic of a mere compilation of former notices, strung together upon a very slender thread of personal observation, and swelled out by those decorations which are so easily supplied by a systematic adoption of all the common places of praise, applied to every thing, and therefore signifying nothing.

The style which one person thinks cloggy and cum-

“ Under our windows, and bordering on the beach, is the royal garden, laid out in parterres, and walks shaded by rows of orange trees.” *Classical Tour*, &c. chap. xi. vol. ii. oct. 365.

brous, and unsuitable, may be to the taste of others, and such may experience some salutary excitement in ploughing through the periods of the Classical Tour. It must be said, however, that polish and weight are apt to beget an expectation of value. It is amongst the pains of the damned to toil up a climax with a huge round *stone*.

The tourist had the choice of his words, but there was no such latitude allowed to that of his sentiments. The love of virtue and of liberty, which must have distinguished the character, certainly adorns the pages of Mr. Eustace, and the gentlemanly spirit, so commendatory either in an author or his productions, is very conspicuous throughout the Classical Tour. But these generous qualities are the foliage of such a performance, and may be spread about it so prominently and profusely, as to embarrass those who wish to see and find the fruit at hand. The unction of the divine, and the exhortations of the moralist, may have made this work something more and better than a book of travels, but they have not made it a book of travels; and this observation applies more especially to that enticing method of instruction conveyed by the perpetual introduction of the same Gallic Helot to reel and bluster before the rising generation, and terrify it into decency by the display of all the excesses of the revolution. An animosity against atheists and regicides

in general, and Frenchmen specifically, may be honourable, and may be useful, as a record; but that antidote should either be administered in any work rather than a tour, or, at least, should be served up apart, and not so mixed with the whole mass of information and reflection, as to give a bitterness to every page: for who would choose to have the antipathies of any man, however just, for his travelling companions? A tourist, unless he aspires to the credit of prophecy, is not answerable for the changes which may take place in the country which he describes; but his reader may very fairly esteem all his political portraits and deductions as so much waste paper, the moment they cease to assist, and more particularly if they obstruct, his actual survey.

Neither encomium nor accusation of any government, or governors, is meant to be here offered, but it is stated as an incontrovertible fact, that the change operated, either by the address of the late imperial system, or by the disappointment of every expectation by those who have succeeded to the Italian thrones, has been so considerable, and is so apparent, as not only to put Mr. Eustace's Antigallican philippics entirely out of date, but even to throw some suspicion upon the competency and candour of the author himself. A remarkable example may be found in the instance of Bologna, over whose papal attachments, and consequent desola-

tion, the tourist pours forth such strains of condolence and revenge, made louder by the borrowed trumpet of Mr. Burke. Now Bologna is at this moment, and has been for some years, notorious amongst the states of Italy for its attachment to revolutionary principles, and was almost the only city which made any demonstrations in favour of the unfortunate Murat. This change may, however, have been made since Mr. Eustace visited this country; but the traveller whom he has thrilled with horror at the projected stripping of the copper from the cupola of St. Peter's, must be much relieved to find that sacrilege out of the power of the French, or any other plunderers, the cupola being covered with *lead*.¹

If the conspiring voice of otherwise rival critics had not given considerable currency to the Classical Tour, it would have been unnecessary to warn the reader, that however it may adorn his library, it will be of little or no service to him in his carriage; and if the judgment

¹ "What, then, will be the astonishment, or rather the horror, of my reader when I inform him the French Committee turned its attention to Saint Peter's, and employed a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver, and bronze that adorn the inside of the edifice, as well as the copper that covers the vaults and dome on the outside." Chap. iv. p. 130. vol. ii. The story about the Jews is positively denied at Rome.

of those critics had hitherto been suspended, no attempt would have been made to anticipate their decision. As it is, those who stand in the relation of posterity to Mr. Eustace, may be permitted to appeal from cotemporary praises, and are perhaps more likely to be just in proportion as the causes of love and hatred are the farther removed. This appeal had, in some measure, been made before the above remarks were written; for one of the most respectable of the Florentine publishers, who had been persuaded by the repeated inquiries of those on their journey southwards, to reprint a cheap edition of the Classical Tour, was, by the concurring advice of returning travellers, induced to abandon his design, although he had already arranged his types and paper, and had struck off one or two of the first sheets.

The writer of these notes would wish to part (like Mr. Gibbon) on good terms with the Pope and the Cardinals, but he does not think it necessary to extend the same discreet silence to their humble partisans.

AFTER the frank avowal contained in the prefatory address, it may appear somewhat a presumption to attempt the task which is there formally declined as above the means of the author who writes, and of the friend to whom he addresses, the letter.

In fact it had been the wish of Lord Byron, and of the compiler of the foregoing notes, to say something of the literary and political condition of Italy, and they had made preparation of some materials, the deliberate rejection of which was the origin of the above confession.

Time and opportunity have, however, very much increased those materials in number, and, it is believed, in value, and the consequence has been the appearance of a short memoir on Italian literature, at the end of the Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto, and the commencement of a longer treatise, which will be published separately in the course of the present year.

This latter work will attempt a survey of the revolutions of Italy, from the French invasion in 1796 to the present day. It is compiled from information on which the author believes he may implicitly rely, and it contains a series of facts and portraits which, he presumes, are for the most part unknown to his countrymen.

ERRATA.

Page 103, for s'armo, read s'armò.

Pages 118, 120, 201, for œ, read æ.

Page 157. The dates of the three decrees against Dante are A. D. 1302, 1314, and 1316.

Page 160, for Fosculo (in some copies), read Foscolo.

Page 163, for Speron, read Sperone.

P O E M S.

The effect of the original ballad (which existed
both in Spanish and Arabic) was such that it
was forbidden to place the floor on pain

POEM 2

of death, within the walls

THE effect of the original ballad (which existed both in Spanish and Arabic) was such that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO**DEL****SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA, EL QUAL DEZIA EN ARAVIGO
ASSI.**

1.**PASSEAVASE el Rey Moro****Por la ciudad de Granada,****Desde las puertas de Elvira****Hasta las de Bivarambla.****Ay de mi, Alhama !****2.****Cartas le fueron venidas****Que Alhama era ganada.****Las cartas echò en el fuego,****Y al mensagero matava.****Ay de mi, Alhama !**

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD

ON THE

SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA,

Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.

1.

THE Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town,
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama !

2.

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell ;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama !

3.

Descavalga de una mula,
Y en un cavallo cavalga.
Por el Zacatin arriba
Subido se avia al Alhambra.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

4.

Como en el Alhambra estuvo,
Al mismo punto mandava
Que se toquen las trompetas
Con añafles de plata.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

5.

Y que atambores de guerra
Apriessa toquen alarma ;
Por que lo oygan sus Moros,
Los de la Vega y Granada.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

3.

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

4.

When the Alhambra walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

5.

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,

Woe is me, Alhama!

6.

Los Moros que el son oyeron,
Que al sangriento Marte llama,
Uno a uno, y dos a dos,
Un gran esquadron formavan.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

7.

Alli hablò un Moro viejo ;
Desta manera hablava :—
Para que nos llamas, Rey ?
Para que es este llamada ?

Ay de mi, Alhama !

8.

Aveys de saber, amigos,
Una nueva desdichada :
Que Cristianos, con braveza,
Ya nos han tomado Alhama.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

6.

Then the Moors by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
In increasing squadrons flew.

Woe is me, Alhama !

7.

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
“ Wherefore call on us, oh king?
“ What may mean this gathering?”

Woe is me, Alhama !

8.

“ Friends ! ye have alas ! to know
“ Of a most disastrous blow,
“ That the Christians, stern and bold,
“ Have obtained Alhama’s hold.”

Woe is me, Alhama !

9.

Alli hablò un viejo Alfaqui,
De barba crecida y cana :—
Bien se te emplea, buen Rey,
Buen Rey ; bien se te empleava.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

10.

Mataste los Bencerrages,
Que era la flor de Granada ;
Cogiste los tornadizos
De Cordova la nombrada.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

11.

Por esso mereces, Rey
Una pena bien doblada ;
Que te pierdas tu y el reyno,
Y que se pierda Granada.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

9.

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
“ Good King ! thou art justly served,
“ Good King ! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama !

10.

“ By thee were slain, in evil hour,
“ The Abencerrage, Granada’s flower ;
“ And strangers were received by thee
“ Of Cordova the chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama !

11.

“ And for this, oh King ! is sent
“ On thee a double chastisement,
“ Thee and thine, thy crown and realm
“ One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama !

12.

Si no se respetan leyes,
Es ley que todo se pierda ;
Y que se pierda Granada,
Y que te pierdas en ella.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

13.

Fuego por los ojos vierte,
El Rey que esto oyera.
Y como el otro de leyes
De leyes tambien hablava.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

14.

Sabe un Rey que no ay leyes
De darle a Reyes disgusto.—
Esso dize el Rey Moro
Relinchando de colera.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

12.

“ He who holds no laws in awe,
“ He must perish by the law ;
“ And Grenada must be won,
“ And thyself with her undone.”

Woe is me, Alhama !

13.

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.

Woe is me, Alhama !

14.

“ There is no law to say such things
“ As may disgust the ear of kings :”—
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doomed him dead.

Woe is me, Alhama !

15.

Moro Alfaqui, Moro Alfaqui,
El de la vellida barba,
El Rey te manda prender,
Por la perdida de Alhama.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

16.

Y cortarte la cabeza,
Y ponerla en el Alhambra,
Por que a ti castigo seâ,
Y otros tiemblen en miralla.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

17.

Cavalleros, hombres buenos,
Dezid de mi parte al Rey,
Al Rey Moro de Granada,
Como no le devo nada.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

15.

Moor Alfaqui ! Moor Alfaqui !
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The King hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased,
Woe is me, Alhama !

16.

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone ;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama !

17.

“ Cavalier ! and man of worth !
“ Let these words of mine go forth ;
“ Let the Moorish Monarch know,
“ That to him I nothing owe :
Woe is me, Alhama !

18.

De averse Alhama perdido
A mi me pesa en el alma.
Que si el Rey perdió su tierra,
Otro mucho mas perdiera.
Ay de mi, Alhama !

19.

Perdieran hijos padres,
Y casados las casadas :
Las cosas que mas amara
Perdiò l' un y el otro fama.
Ay de mi, Alhama !

20.

Perdi una hija donzella
Que era la flor d' esta tierra,
Cien doblas dava por ella,
No me las estimo en nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama !

18.

“ But on my soul Alhama weighs,
“ And on my inmost spirit preys;
“ And if the King his land hath lost,
“ Yet others may have lost the most.

Woe is me, Alhama !

19.

“ Sires have lost their children, wives
“ Their lords, and valiant men their lives;
“ One what best his love might claim
“ Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.

Woe is me, Alhama !

20.

“ I lost a damsel in that hour,
“ Of all the land the loveliest flower;
“ Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
“ And think her ransom cheap that day.”

Woe is me, Alhama !

21.

Diziendo assi al hacen Alfaqui,
Le cortaron la cabeça,
Y la elevan al Alhambra,
Assi come el Rey lo manda.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

22.

Hombres, niños y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida.
Lloravan todas las damas
Quantas en Granada avia.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

23.

Por las calles y ventanas
Mucho luto parecía;
Llora el Rey como fembra,
Qu' es mucho lo que perdia.

Ay de mi, Alhama !

21.

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.

Woe is me, Alhama!

22.

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.

Woe is me, Alhama!

23.

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama!

SONETTO DI VITTORELLI.

PER MONACA.

Sonetto composto in nome di un genitore, a cui era morta poco innanzi una figlia appena maritata; è diretto al genitore della sacra sposa.

Di due vaghe donzelle, oneste, accorte

Lieti e miseri padri il ciel ne feo,

Il ciel, che degne di più nobil sorte

L' una e l' altra veggendo, ambo chiedo.

La mia fu tolta da veloce morte

A le fumanti tede d' imeneo :

La tua, Francesco, in sugellate porte

Eterna prigioniera or si rendeo.

Ma tu almeno potrai da la gelosa

Irremeabil soglia, ove s' asconde,

La sua tenera udir voce pietosa.

Io verso un fiume d' amarissim' onda,

Corro a quel marmo, in cui la figlia or posa,

Batto, e ribatto, ma nessun risponde.

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

OF two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
And gazing upon *either, both* required.
Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
Becomes extinguished, soon—too soon—expires:
But thine, within the closing grate retired,
Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,
Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more:
I to the marble, where *my daughter* lies,
Rush,—the swoln flood of bitterness I pour,
And knock, and knock, and knock—but none replies.

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORIELLO
ALLEROTTO DI OLIVIERO

ON A RITE

Some composed in the name of a father whose daughter had recently died
about her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had
lately taken the veil.

Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched are
Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desired,
And gazing upon either, both required.
Ming while the torch of Hymen newly kind,
Becomes extinguished, soon—no soon—extinct;
But thine, within the glowing grate retired,
Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
But lo! as heat from out the jealous door,
Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
May at her breast and from voice once more
To the marble, where my daughter lies,
Rush—the whole flood of bitterness I pour,
And knock, and knock, and knock—no more repose
Shall I have till I see thee in a better place.

M A N F R E D,

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

BY LORD BYRON.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1817.

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ROBERTO, EMILIA, AND VINCENZO, CHARACTERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANFRED.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

MANUEL.

HERMAN.

WITCH OF THE ALPS.

ARIMANES.

NEMESIS.

The DESTINIES.

SPIRITS, &c.

*The Scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps—
partly in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the
Mountains.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ALFRED.
CHARLES HUNTER.
ANNOT OF ST. MARY'S.
MARCEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE ALPS.

The Dramatis.

Strain, &c.

The Scene of the Drama is arranged in the Alps—
partly in the Castle of Hapsburg, and partly in the
Mountains.

MANFRED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MANFRED *alone—Scene, a Gothic gallery—Time,
Midnight.*

MAN. **T**HE lamp must be replenish'd, but even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch:
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not: in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within; and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing men.
But grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.

Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essayed, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself—
But they avail not: I have done men good,
And I have met with good even among men—
But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—
But this avail'd not:—Good, or evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
Or lurking love of something on the earth.—
Now to my task.—

Mysterious Agency!

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—
I call upon ye by the written charm

Which gives me power upon you——Rise ! appear !

[*A pause.*]

They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him
Who is the first among you—by this sign,
Which makes you tremble—by the claims of him
Who is undying,—Rise ! appear !——Appear !

[*A pause.*]

If it be so.—Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me : by a power,
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
Which had its birth-place in a star condemn'd,
The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,
A wandering hell in the eternal space ;
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
The thought which is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will.—Appear !

[*A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery ; it is stationary ; and a voice is heard singing.*]

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal ! to thy bidding bow'd,
From my mansion in the cloud,
Which the breath of twilight builds,
And the summer's sun-set gilds

With the azure and vermillion,
Which is mix'd for my pavilion;
Though thy quest may be forbidden,
On a star-beam I have ridden;
To thine adjuration bow'd,
Mortal—be thy wish avow'd!

Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The Avalanche in his hand;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.
The Glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.
I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his cavern'd base—
And what with me wouldst *Thou*?

Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.

In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life,
Where the Mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells;
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells;
O'er my calm Hall of Coral
The deep echo roll'd—
To the Spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold!

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake
Lies pillow'd on fire,
And the lakes of bitumen
Rise boilingly higher;
Where the roots of the Andes
Strike deep in the earth,
As their summits to heaven
Shoot soaringly forth;

I have quitted my birth-place,
Thy bidding to bide—
Thy spell hath subdued me,
Thy will be my guide !

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind,
The Stirrer of the storm ;
The hurricane I left behind
Is yet with lightning warm ;
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
I swept upon the blast :
The fleet I met sailed well, and yet
'Twill sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
Why doth thy magic torture me with light ?

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny,
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me :
It was a world as fresh and fair
As e'er revolved round sun in air ;

Its course was free and regular,
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.
The hour arrived—and it became
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet, and a curse,
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky!
And thou! beneath its influence born—
Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn—
Forced by a power (which is not thine,
And lent thee but to make thee mine)
For this brief moment to descend,
Where these weak spirits round thee bend
And parley with a thing like thee—
What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with me?

The SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay!
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say?

MAN. Forgetfulness—

FIRST SPIRIT. Of what—of whom—and why?

MAN. Of that which is within me; read it there—
Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

SPIRIT. We can but give thee that which we possess:
Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign
Which shall control the elements, whereof
We are the dominators, each and all,
These shall be thine.

MAN. Oblivion, self-oblivion—
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms
Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

SPIRIT. It is not in our essence, in our skill;
But—thou mayst die.

MAN. Will death bestow it on me?

SPIRIT. We are immortal, and do not forget;
We are eternal; and to us the past
Is, as the future, present. Art thou answered?

MAN. Ye mock me—but the power which brought ye
here

Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will!
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
The lightning of my being, is as bright,

Pervading, and far-darting as your own,
And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd in clay!
Answer, or I will teach ye what I am.

SPIRIT. We answer as we answered; our reply
Is even in thine own words.

MAN. Why say ye so?

SPIRIT. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

MAN. I then have call'd ye from your realms in vain;
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

SPIRIT. Say;
What we possess we offer; it is thine:
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days——

MAN. Accursed! what have I to do with days?
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

SPIRIT. Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee
service;
Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

MAN. No, none: yet stay—one moment, ere we part—
I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,

As music on the waters; and I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

SPIRIT. We have no forms beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

MAN. I have no choice; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting.—Come!

SEVENTH SPIRIT. (*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure.*) Behold!

MAN. Oh God! if it be thus, and *thou*
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy.—I will clasp thee,
And we again will be—— [*The figure vanishes.*]

My heart is crush'd!

[MANFRED falls senseless.]

(*A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.*)

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;

When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep,
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,

Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse ;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare ;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice ;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky ;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill ;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring ;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coil'd as in a brake ;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm ;

In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;
By the perfection of thine art
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

SCENE II.

The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—

MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs.

MAN. The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;
I lean no more on super-human aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
It is not of my search.—My mother Earth!
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
There is a power upon me which withholds
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself;
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit

To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. Hark ! the note,

[The Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.]

The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd ;
My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me !

Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

CHAMOIS HUNTER. Even so
This way the chamois leapt : her nimble feet
Have baffled me ; my gains to-day will scarce
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here ?
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd

A height which none even of our mountaineers,
Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this distance.—
I will approach him nearer.

MAN. (*not perceiving the other.*) To be thus—
Grey-hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er
With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years;
And hours—all tortured into ages—hours
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things which still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. HUN. The mists begin to rise from up the valley;
I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
To lose at once his way and life together.

MAN. The mists boil up around the glaciers ; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damn'd like pebbles.—I am giddy.

C. HUN. I must approach him cautiously ; if near,
A sudden step will startle him, and he
Seems tottering already.

MAN. Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren ; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters ;
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel—thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
Why stood I not beneath it ?

C. HUN. Friend ! have a care,
Your next step may be fatal !—for the love
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink !

MAN. (*not hearing him.*) Such would have been for
me a fitting tomb ;
My bones had then been quiet in their depth ;
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—

In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens !
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
Ye were not meant for me—Earth ! take these atoms !

*(As MANFRED is in act to spring from the cliff,
the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and retains him
with a sudden grasp.)*

C. HUN. Hold, madman !—though aweary of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood.—
Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

MAN. I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
Spinning around me—I grow blind—What art thou ?

C. HUN. I'll answer that anon.—Away with me—
The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me—
Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand,
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
The Chalet will be gained within an hour—
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
And something like a pathway, which the torrent
Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely done—
You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

*(As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the
scene closes.)*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

MANFRED *and the* CHAMOIS HUNTER.

C. HUN. No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet go
forth :

Thy mind and body are alike unfit
To trust each other, for some hours, at least ;
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—
But whither ?

MAN. It imports not : I do know
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

C. HUN. Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high
lineage—
One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags
Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these
May call thee Lord ? I only know their portals ;

My way of life leads me but rarely down
To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,
Carousing with the vassals ; but the paths,
Which step from out our mountains to their doors,
I know from childhood—which of these is thine ?

MAN. No matter.

C. HUN. — Well, sir, pardon me the question,
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine ;
'Tis of an ancient vintage ; many a day
'T has thawed my veins among our glaciers, now
Let it do thus for thine—Come, pledge me fairly.

MAN. Away, away ! there's blood upon the brim !
Will it then never—never sink in the earth ?

C. HUN. What dost thou mean ? thy senses wander
from thee.

MAN. I say 'tis blood—my blood ! the pure warm
stream

Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours
When we were in our youth, and had one heart,
And loved each other as we should not love,
And this was shed : but still it rises up,
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,
Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

C. HUN. Man of strange words, and some half-mad-
dening sin,

Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience——

MAN. Patience and patience! Hence—that word was
made

For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—
I am not of thine order.

C. HUN. Thanks to heaven!
I would not be of thine for the free fame
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill,
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

MAN. Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

C. HUN. This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

MAN. I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,
Many long years, but they are nothing now
To those which I must number: ages—ages—
Space and eternity—and consciousness,
With the fierce thirst of death—and still unslaked!

C. HUN. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

MAN. Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,

Innumerable atoms ; and one desart,
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcases and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

C. HUN. Alas ! he's mad—but yet I must not leave
him.

MAN. I would I were—for then the things I see
Would be but a distempered dream.

C. HUN. What is it

That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon ?

MAN. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free ;
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts ;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep ; thy toils,
By danger dignified, yet guiltless ; hopes
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph ;
This do I see—and then I look within—
It matters not—my soul was scorch'd already !

C. HUN. And would'st thou then exchange thy lot for
mine ?

MAN. No, friend ! I would not wrong thee, nor ex-
change

My lot with living being: I can bear—
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—
In life what others could not brook to dream,
But perish in their slumber.

C. HUN. And with this—
This cautious feeling for another's pain,
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge
Upon his enemies?

MAN. Oh! no, no, no!
My injuries came down on those who loved me—
On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd
An enemy, save in my just defence—
But my embrace was fatal.

C. HUN. Heaven give thee rest!
And penitence restore thee to thyself;
My prayers shall be for thee.

MAN. I need them not,
But can endure thy pity. I depart—
'Tis time—farewell!—Here's gold, and thanks for thee—
No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—
I know my path—the mountain peril's past:—
And once again, I charge thee, follow not!

[Exit MANFRED.]

SCENE II.

A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays¹ still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

(MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it in the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbeam of the torrent.)

MAN. Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form

The charms of Earth's least-mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

WITCH. Son of Earth!
I know thee, and the powers which give thee power;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
I have expected this—what wouldst thou with me?

MAN. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.

The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
To the abodes of those who govern her—
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
From them what they could not bestow, and now
I search no further.

WITCH. What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
The rulers of the invisible?

MAN. A boon;
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

WITCH. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

MAN. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,

I held but slight communion ; but instead,
My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite ; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted ; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their developement ; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim ;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone ;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect ; and drew
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences untaught,

Save in the old-time ; and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros², at Gadara,
As I do thee ;—and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
Of this most bright intelligence, until——

WITCH. Proceed.

MAN. Oh ! I but thus prolonged my words,
Boasting these idle attributes, because
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—
But to my task. I have not named to thee
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
With whom I wore the chain of human ties ;
If I had such, they seem'd not such to me—
Yet there was one——

WITCH. Spare not thyself—proceed.

MAN. She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone

Even of her voice, they said were like to mine ;
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty ;
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe : nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not ;
And tenderness—but that I had for her ;
Humility—and that I never had.
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
I loved her, and destroy'd her !

WITCH. With thy hand ?

MAN. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her
heart—

It gazed on mine, and withered. I have shed
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed—
I saw—and could not staunch it.

WITCH. And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,
The order which thine own would rise above,
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back
To recreant mortality——Away !

MAN. Daughter of Air ! I tell thee, since that hour—

But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me!
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies;—I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till sunset;—I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.
I have affronted death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things pass'd harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
In phantasy, imagination, all
The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Croesus in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long pursued and super-human art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live for ever.

WITCH. It may be
That I can aid thee.

MAN. To do this thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—
With any torture—so it be the last.

WITCH. That is not in my province; but if thou
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

MAN. I will not swear—Obey! and whom? the spirits
Whose presence I command, and be the slave
Of those who served me—Never!

WITCH. Is this all?
Hast thou no gentler answer—Yet bethink thee,
And pause ere thou rejectest.

MAN. I have said it.

WITCH. Enough!—I may retire then—say!

MAN. Retire!

[*The WITCH disappears.*]

MAN. (*alone.*) We are the fools of time and terror:

Days

Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die,
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—

In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in aid
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian Evocators to compel
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd^s.

If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,

That which I love would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare;
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart,
But I can act even what I most abhor,
And champion human fears.—The night approaches.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

Enter FIRST DESTINY.

The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;
And here on snows, where never human foot
Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,

We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment—a dead whirlpool's image;
And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds
Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;
Here do I wait my sisters, on our way
To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night
Is our great festival—'tis strange they come not.

A Voice without, singing.

The Captive Usurper,
Hurl'd down from the throne,
Lay buried in torpor,
Forgotten and lone;
I broke through his slumbers,
I shivered his chain,
I leagued him with numbers—
He's Tyrant again!

With the blood of a million he'll answer my care,
With a nation's destruction—his flight and despair.

Second Voice, without.

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,
And he was a subject well worthy my care;
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

FIRST DESTINY, answering.

The city lies sleeping;

The morn, to deplore it,

May dawn on it weeping:

Sullenly, slowly,

The black plague flew o'er it—

Thousands lie lowly;

Tens of thousands shall perish—

The living shall fly from

The sick they should cherish;

But nothing can vanquish

The touch that they die from.

Sorrow and anguish,

And evil and dread,
Envelope a nation—
The blest are the dead,
Who see not the sight
Of their own desolation.—
This work of a night—
This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doing—
For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.

The Three.

Our hands contain the hearts of men,
Our footsteps are their graves;
We only give to take again
The spirits of our slaves!

FIRST DES. Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

SECOND DES. At some great work;
But what I know not, for my hands were full.

THIRD DES. Behold she cometh.

Enter NEMESIS.

FIRST DES. Say, where hast thou been?—
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

NEM. I was detain'd repairing shattered thrones,
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge;
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!
We have outstaid the hour—mount we our clouds!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe
of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

Hymn of the SPIRITS.

Hail to our Master!—Prince of Earth and Air!—
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
The sceptre of the elements, which tear
Themselves to chaos at his high command!

He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea ;
He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder ;
He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee ;
He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.

Beneath his footsteps the volcanos rise ;

His shadow is the Pestilence ; his path
The comets herald through the crackling skies ;
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.

To him War offers daily sacrifice ;

To him Death pays his tribute ; Life is his,
With all its infinite of agonies—

And his the spirit of whatever is !

Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.

FIRST DES. Glory to Arimanes ! on the earth
His power increaseth—both my sisters did
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty !

SECOND DES. Glory to Arimanes ! we who bow
The necks of men, bow down before his throne !

THIRD DES. Glory to Arimanes !—we await
His nod !

NEM. Sovereign of Sovereigns ! we are thine,
And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,
And most things wholly so ; still to increase
Our power increasing thine, demands our care,

And we are vigilant—Thy late commands
Have been fulfilled to the utmost.

Enter MANFRED.

A SPIRIT. What is here?

A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch,
Bow down and worship!

SECOND SPIRIT. I do know the man—

A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!

THIRD SPIRIT. Bow down and worship, slave!—What,
know'st thou not

Thine and our Sovereign?—Tremble, and obey!

ALL THE SPIRITS. Prostrate thyself, and thy con-
demned clay,
Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

MAN. I know it;
And yet ye see I kneel not.

FOURTH SPIRIT. 'Twill be taught thee.

MAN. 'Tis taught already;—many a night on the earth,
On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,
And strew'd my head with ashes; I have known
The fulness of humiliation, for
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
To my own desolation.

FIFTH SPIRIT. Dost thou dare

Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
What the whole earth accords, beholding not
The terror of his Glory—Crouch ! I say.

MAN. Bid *him* bow down to that which is above him,
The overruling Infinite—the Maker
Who made him not for worship—let him kneel,
And we will kneel together.

THE SPIRITS. Crush the worm !
Tear him in pieces !—

FIRST DES. Hence ! Avaunt !—he's mine.
Prince of the Powers invisible ! This man
Is of no common order, as his port
And presence here denote ; his sufferings
Have been of an immortal nature, like
Our own ; his knowledge and his powers and will,
As far as is compatible with clay,
Which clogs the etherial essence, have been such
As clay hath seldom borne ; his aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught him what we know—
That knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
This is not all—the passions, attributes

Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor being,
Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,
Have pierced his heart; and in their consequence
Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,
And thine, it may be—be it so, or not,
No other Spirit in this region hath
A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

NEM. What doth he here then?

FIRST DES. Let him answer that.

MAN. Ye know what I have known; and without power
I could not be amongst ye: but there are
Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest
Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

NEM. What wouldst thou?

MAN. Thou canst not reply to me.
Call up the dead—my question is for them.

NEM. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
The wishes of this mortal?

ARI. Yea.

NEM. Whom would'st thou
Uncharnel?

MAN. One without a tomb—call up
Astarte.

NEMESIS.

Shadow ! or Spirit !

Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit

The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,

Of the mould of thy clay,
Which returned to the earth,

Re-appear to the day !

Bear what thou borest,

The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worst

Redeem from the worm.

Appear !—Appear !—Appear !

Who sent thee there requires thee here !

*(The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands
in the midst.)*

MAN. Can this be death? there's bloom upon her
cheek ;

But now I see it is no living hue,

But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red

Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.

It is the same ! Oh, God ! that I should dread

To look upon the same—Astarte !—No,

To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessed—and that I shall die,
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music—Speak to me!
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
Which answered me—many things answered me—
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wandered o'er the earth
And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:

I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
I reckon not what—but let me hear thee once—
This once—once more!

PHANTOM OF ASTARTE. Manfred!

MAN. Say on, say on—
I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

PHAN. Manfred! To-morrow ends thine earthly ills.
Farewell!

MAN. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

PHAN. Farewell!

MAN. Say, shall we meet again?

PHAN. Farewell!

MAN. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.

PHAN. Manfred!

[*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*]

NEM. She's gone, and will not be recall'd;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

A SPIRIT. He is convulsed—This is to be a mortal
And seek the things beyond mortality.

ANOTHER SPIRIT. Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and
makes

His torture tributary to his will.

Had he been one of us, he would have made
An awful spirit.

NEM. Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

MAN. None.

NEM. Then for a time farewell.

MAN. We meet then! Where? On the earth?—
Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

(*Scene closes.*)

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED *and* HERMAN.

MAN. What is the hour?

HER. It wants but one till sunset,
And promises a lovely twilight.

MAN. Say,
Are all things so disposed of in the tower
As I directed?

HER. All, my lord, are ready;
Here is the key and casket.

MAN. It is well:
Thou mayst retire. [*Exit* HERMAN.]

MAN. (*alone.*) There is a calm upon me—
Inexplicable stillness! which till now
Did not belong to what I knew of life.

If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
And seated in my soul. It will not last,
But it is well to have known it, though but once :
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
And I within my tablets would note down
That there is such a feeling. Who is there ?

Re-enter HERMAN.

My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice craves
To greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

ABBOT. Peace be with Count Manfred !

MAN. Thanks, holy father ! welcome to these walls ;
Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.

ABBOT. Would it were so, Count !—
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

MAN. Herman, retire. What would my reverend
guest ?

ABBOT. Thus, without prelude :—Age and zeal, my
office,
And good intent, must plead my privilege ;
Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood,
May also be my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,
And busy with thy name ; a noble name
For centuries ; may he who bears it now
Transmit it unimpair'd !

MAN. Proceed,—I listen.

ABBOT. 'Tis said thou holdest converse with the things
Which are forbidden to the search of man ;
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

MAN. And what are they who do avouch these things ?

ABBOT. My pious brethren—the scared peasantry—
Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

MAN. Take it.

ABBOT. I come to save, and not destroy—
I would not pry into thy secret soul;
But if these things be sooth, there still is time
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee
With the true church, and through the church to heaven.

MAN. I hear thee. This is my reply; whate'er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd
Against your ordinances? prove and punish!

ABBOT. My son! I did not speak of punishment,
But penitence and pardon;—with thyself
The choice of such remains—and for the last,
Our institutions and our strong belief
Have given me power to smoothe the path from sin
To higher hope and better thoughts; the first
I leave to heaven—"Vengeance is mine alone!"
So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
His servant echoes back the awful word.

MAN. Old man! there is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form
Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,

Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself; there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.

ABBOT. All this is well;
For this will pass away, and be succeeded
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
With calm assurance to that blessed place,
Which all who seek may win, whatever be
Their earthly errors, so they be atoned:
And the commencement of atonement is
The sense of its necessity.—Say on—
And all our church can teach thee shall be taught;
And all we can absolve thee, shall be pardon'd.

MAN. When Rome's sixth Emperor was near his last,
The victim of a self-inflicted wound,
To shun the torments of a public death
From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier,
With show of loyal pity, would have staunch'd
The gushing throat with his officious robe;

The dying Roman thrust him back and said—

Some empire still in his expiring glance,

“It is too late—is this fidelity?”

ABBOT. And what of this?

MAN. I answer with the Roman—

“It is too late!”

ABBOT. It never can be so,
To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,
And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou no hope?

’Tis strange—even those who do despair above,

Yet shape themselves some phantasy on earth,

To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

MAN. Ay—father! I have had those earthly visions
And noble aspirations in my youth,
To make my own the mind of other men,
The enlightener of nations; and to rise
I knew not whither—it might be to fall;
But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,
Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,
Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,
(Which casts up misty columns that become
Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies,)
Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,
My thoughts mistook themselves.

ABBOT. And wherefore so?

MAN. I could not tame my nature down; for he
Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and
sue—

And watch all time—and pry into all place—

And be a living lie—who would become

A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such

The mass are; I disdained to mingle with

A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves.

The lion is alone, and so am I.

ABBOT. And why not live and act with other men?

MAN. Because my nature was averse from life;
And yet not cruel; for I would not make,
But find a desolation:—like the wind,
The red-hot breath of the most lone Simoom,
Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er
The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast,
And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
But being met is deadly; such hath been
The course of my existence; but there came
Things in my path which are no more.

ABBOT. Alas!

I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid

From me and from my calling; yet so young,
I still would——

MAN. Look on me! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some insanity—
And some of withered, or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
Look upon me! for even of all these things
Have I partaken; and of all these things,
One were enough; then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or, having been, that I am still on earth.

ABBOT. Yet, hear me still——

MAN. Old man! I do respect
Thine order, and revere thine years; I deem
Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:
Think me not churlish; I would spare thyself,

Far more than me, in shunning at this time
All further colloquy—and so—farewell.

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

ABBOT. This should have been a noble creature: he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
Mix'd, and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive: he will perish,
And yet he must not; I will try once more,
For such are worth redemption; and my duty
Is to dare all things for a righteous end.
I'll follow him—but cautiously, though surely.

[*Exit* ABBOT.]

SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

MANFRED *and* HERMAN.

HER. My Lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset:
He sinks behind the mountain.

MAN. Doth he so?
I will look on him.

[MANFRED advances to the Window of the Hall.

Glorious Orb ! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons⁴
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits who can ne'er return.—
Most glorious orb ! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd !
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons ! Thou material God !
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow ! Thou chief star !
Centre of many stars ! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays !
Sire of the seasons ! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them ! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects ;—thou dost rise,

And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well !
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look : thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone :
I follow.

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

SCENE III.

The Mountains.—The Castle of Manfred at some distance.—A Terrace before a Tower.—Time, Twilight.

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants of MANFRED.

HER. 'Tis strange enough ; night after night, for years,
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
Without a witness. I have been within it,—
So have we all been oft-times ; but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
One chamber where none enter ; I would give

The fee of what I have to come these three years,
To pore upon its mysteries.

MANUEL. 'Twere dangerous ;
Content thyself with what thou knowest already.

HER. Ah ! Manuel ! thou art elderly and wise,
And could'st say much ; thou hast dwelt within the castle—
How many years is't ?

MANUEL. Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he nought resembles.

HER. There be more sons in like predicament.
But wherein do they differ ?

MANUEL. I speak not
Of features or of form, but mind and habits :
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gay and free,—
A warrior and a reveller ; he dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the night
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day ; he did not walk the rocks
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
From men and their delights.

HER. Beshrew the hour,
But those were jocund times ! I would that such
Would visit the old walls again ; they look
As if they had forgotten them.

MANUEL. These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh ! I have seen
Some strange things in them, Herman.

HER. Come, be friendly ;
Relate me some to while away our watch :
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happened hereabouts, by this same tower.

MANUEL. That was a night indeed ; I do remember
'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such
Another evening ;—yon red cloud, which rests
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,—
So like that it might be the same ; the wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon ;
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,—
How occupied, we knew not, but with him
The sole companion of his wanderings
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
The lady Astarte, his——

Hush ! who comes here ?

Enter the ABBOT.

ABBOT. Where is your master?

HER. Yonder, in the tower.

ABBOT. I must speak with him.

MANUEL. 'Tis impossible;

He is most private, and must not be thus

Intruded on.

ABBOT. Upon myself I take
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—
But I must see him.

HER. Thou hast seen him once
This eve already.

ABBOT. Herman! I command thee,
Knock, and apprize the Count of my approach.

HER. We dare not.

ABBOT. Then it seems I must be herald
Of my own purpose.

MANUEL. Reverend father, stop—
I pray you pause.

ABBOT. Why so?

MANUEL. But step this way,
And I will tell you further.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*Interior of the Tower.*MANFRED *alone.*

MAN. The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watchdog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song

Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries ;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old !—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—

'Twas such a night !

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time ;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the ABBOT.

ABBOT. My good Lord !
I crave a second grace for this approach ;
But yet let not my humble zeal offend
By its abruptness—all it hath of ill
Recoils on me ; its good in the effect
May light upon your head—could I say *heart*—
Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should
Recall a noble spirit which hath wandered ;
But is not yet all lost.

MAN. Thou know'st me not ;
My days are numbered, and my deeds recorded :
Retire, or 'twill be dangerous—Away !

ABBOT. Thou dost not mean to menace me ?

MAN. Not I ;
I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
And would preserve thee.

ABBOT. What dost mean ?

MAN. Look there !
What dost thou see ?

ABBOT. Nothing.

MAN. Look there, I say,
And steadfastly ;—now tell me what thou seest ?

ABBOT. That which should shake me,—but I fear it
not—

I see a dusk and awful figure rise
Like an infernal god from out the earth ;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds ; he stands between
Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

MAN. Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm thee—
but
His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.
I say to thee—Retire !

ABBOT. And, I reply—
Never—till I have battled with this fiend—
What doth he here ?

MAN. Why—ay—what doth he here ?
I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

ABBOT. Alas ! lost mortal ! what with guests like these
Hast thou to do ? I tremble for thy sake ;
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him ?

Ah! he unveils his aspect; on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye
Glares forth the immortality of hell—
Avaunt!—

MAN. Pronounce—what is thy mission?

SPIRIT. Come!

ABBOT. What art thou, unknown being? answer!—
speak!

SPIRIT. The genius of this mortal.—Come! 'tis time.

MAN. I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee here?

SPIRIT. Thou'lt know anon—Come! come!

MAN. I have commanded
Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

SPIRIT. Mortal! thine hour is come—Away! I say.

MAN. I knew, and know my hour is come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee:
Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

SPIRIT. Then I must summon up my brethren.—Rise!

[*Other Spirits rise up.*]

ABBOT. Avaunt! ye evil ones!—Avaunt! I say,—
Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name—

SPIRIT. Old man !
We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order ;
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,
It were in vain ; this man is forfeited.
Once more I summon him—Away ! away !

MAN. I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

SPIRIT. Reluctant mortal !

Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal ?—Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life ? the very life
Which made thee wretched !

MAN. Thou false fiend, thou liest !
My life is in its last hour,—*that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour ;
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels ; my past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,

But by superior science—penance—daring—
And length of watching—strength of mind—and skill
In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—
Spurn back, and scorn ye!—

SPIRIT. But thy many crimes
Have made thee——

MAN. What are they to such as thee?
Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,
And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know:
What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine:
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill and end—
And its own place and time—its innate sense,
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without;
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,

Born from the knowledge of its own desert.

Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt
me;

I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—

But was my own destroyer, and will be

My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!

The hand of death is on me—but not yours!

[The Demons disappear.]

ABBOT. Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips are white—
And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat
The accents rattle—Give thy prayers to heaven—
Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus.

MAN. 'Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not;
But all things swim around me, and the earth
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well—
Give me thy hand.

[MANFRED expires.]

ABBOT. Cold—cold—even to the heart—
But yet one prayer—alas! how fares it with thee?—
He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight—
Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

From the knowledge of its own weakness
Weakness and help and that which is
I have not been the object of my eyes
But was my own destroyer and will be
My own murderer—black as hell
The hand of death is on me—but not yet
Alas! how pale thou art—the life is
And the first breath—and is the gasping throat
The accents of the—Give me the hand
Try—albeit but in thought—but the wrong
Man. 'Tis over—my dull eyes can see thee not
But all things seem around me, and the earth
Harrow as it were beneath me—thou art well—
Give me thy hand—
Alas! how pale thou art—the life is
Alas! how cold—over to the heart
But yet one prayer—alas! how late it with thee
He's gone—his soul hath to its brighter light
Whither? I dream to think—how he is gone
No more—
But in the arms of joy

NOTES.

Note 1, page 31, line 1.

the reader's eyes will find

The correct title the story of the

NOTES.

This line is from the lower part of the Alphabet. It is a mistake, come down to pay a visit, and to show that you have read it. This effect lasts all year.

Note 2, page 32, line 2.

The whole story of the fountain of the
Eros and Anteros, at Gellia.

The philosopher Iamblichus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life, by Pausanias. It is well told.

Note 3, page 33, line 21.

the replied

In words of delicious import, but fulfilled.

The story of Pausanias, King of Sparta, (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Plataea, and afterwards perished

NOTES

NOTES

NOTES.

Note 1, page 31, line 1.

————— *the sunbow's rays still arch*

The torrent with the many hues of heaven.

This iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents: it is exactly like a rainbow, come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it:—this effect lasts till noon.

Note 2, page 35, line 9.

*He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara.*

The philosopher Iamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life, by Eunapius. It is well told.

Note 3, page 39, line 21.

————— *she replied*

In words of dubious import, but fulfilled.

The story of Pausanias, king of Sparta, (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Platea, and afterwards perished

for an attempt to betray the Lacedemonians) and Cleonice, is told in Plutarch's life of Cimon; and in the Laconics of Pausanias the Sophist, in his description of Greece.

Note 4, page 63, line 6.

————— *the giant sons*
Of the embrace of angels.

“ That the *Sons of God* saw the daughters of men, that they were fair,” &c.

“ There were giants on the earth in those days, and also after that, when the *Sons of God* came in unto the daughters of men: and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown.”

Genesis, ch. vi. verses 2 and 4.

THE END.

B E P P O,

A VENETIAN STORY.

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a GONDOLA.

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act IV. Sc. I.

Annotation of the Commentators.

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what *Paris* is *now*—the seat of all dissoluteness. S. A.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1818.

B E P P O.

I.

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank, or low their station,
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masquing,
And other things which may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies (and the more duskily the better),
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,
Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,
Instead of coat and smallclothes, than put on
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
Although you swore it only was in fun ;
They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
Nor say one mass to cool the cauldron's bubble
That boiled your bones, unless you paid them double.

V.

But saving this, you may put on whate'er
You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,
Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,
Would rig you out in seriousness or joke ;
And even in Italy such places are
With prettier names in softer accents spoke,
For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on
No place that's called " Piazza " in Great Britain.

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which being
Interpreted, implies “farewell to flesh :”
So call’d, because the name and thing agreeing,
Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh.
But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,
Is more than I can tell, although I guess
’Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting,
In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,
And solid meats, and highly spic’d ragouts,
To live for forty days on ill-dress’d fishes,
Because they have no sauces to their stews,
A thing which causes many “poohs” and “pishes,”
And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse),
From travellers accusom’d from a boy
To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend
“ The curious in fish-sauce,” before they cross
The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,
Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
(Or if set out beforehand, these may send
By any means least liable to loss),
Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
Or, by the Lord ! a Lent will well nigh starve ye ;

IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,
And you at Rome would do as Romans do,
According to the proverb,—although no man,
If foreign, is oblig'd to fast ; and you,
If protestant, or sickly, or a woman,
Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—
Dine, and be d—d ! I don't mean to be coarse,
But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the Carnival
Was most facetious in the days of yore,
For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
Venice the bell from every city bore,
And at the moment when I fix my story,
That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI.

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still,
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;
And like so many Venuses of Titian's
(The best's at Florence—see it, if ye will,)
They look when leaning over the balcony,
Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione,

XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best ;
And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show ;
It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,
And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so,
'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,
And self ; but *such* a woman ! love in life !

XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
But something better still, so very real,
That the sweet model must have been the same ;
A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
Wer't not impossible, besides a shame :
The face recals some face, as 'twere with pain,
You once have seen, but ne'er will see again ;

XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us, when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And, oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad¹ seen no more below.

XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione
Venetian women were, and so they *are*,
Particularly seen from a balcony,
(For beauty's sometimes best set off afar)
And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,
They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar;
And, truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,
And rather like to show it, more's the pity!

¹ "Quæ septem dici sex tamen esse solent." OVID.

XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
Which flies on wings of light-heeled Mercuries,
Who do such things because they know no better;
And then, God knows, what mischief may arise,
When love links two young people in one fetter,
Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,
Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

XVII.

Shakespeare described the sex in Desdemona
As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,
And to this day from Venice to Verona
Such matters may be probably the same,
Except that since those times was never known a
Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,
Because she had a "cavalier servente."

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
Is of a fair complexion altogether,
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's
Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
When weary of the matrimonial tether
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
But takes at once another, or another's.

XIX.

Did'st ever see a gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called "Gondolier,"
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusk livery of woe,
But not to them do woeful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

XXI.

But to my story.—'Twas some years ago,
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
The carnival was at its height, and so
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
A certain lady went to see the show,
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a "*certain age*,"
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page,
The period meant precisely by that word,—
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time returned the compliment,
And treated her genteelly, so that, drest,
She looked extremely well where'er she went:
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent,
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seemed to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman ; 'tis convenient,
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient ;
Whereas, if single ladies play the fool,
(Unless within the period intervenient,
A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool)
I don't know how they ever can get over it,
Except they manage never to discover it.

XXV.

Her husband sailed upon the Adriatic,
And made some voyages, too, in other seas,
And when he lay in quarantine for pratique,
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease,)
His wife would mount, at times, her highest attic,
For thence she could discern the ship with ease :
He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,
His name Giuseppe, called more briefly, Beppo.¹

¹ Beppo is the *Joe* of the Italian *Joseph*.

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure ;
Though coloured, as it were, within a tanyard,
He was a person both of sense and vigour—
A better seaman never yet did man yard :
And *she*, although her manners shewed no rigour,
Was deemed a woman of the strictest principle,
So much as to be thought almost invincible.

XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met ;
Some people thought the ship was lost, and some
That he had somehow blundered into debt,
And did not like the thoughts of steering home ;
And there were several offered any bet,
Or that he would, or that he would not come,
For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.

XXVIII.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might;
She almost lost all appetite for victual,
And could not sleep with ease alone at night;
She deemed the window-frames and shutters brittle,
Against a daring house-breaker or sprite,
And so she thought it prudent to connect her
With a vice-husband, *chiefly to protect her.*

XXIX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not choose,
If only you will but oppose their choice?)
'Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,
And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,
A man some women like, and yet abuse—
A coxcomb was he by the public voice;
A count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,
And in his pleasures of great liberality.

XXX.

And then he was a count, and then he knew
Music, and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan;
The last not easy, be it known to you,
For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
He was a critic upon operas, too,
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin;
And no Venetian audience could endure a
Song, scene, or air, when he cried "seccatura."

XXXI.

His "bravo" was decisive, for that sound
Hushed "academie," sighed in silent awe;
The fiddlers trembled as he looked around,
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.
The "prima donna's" tuneful heart would bound,
Dreading the deep damnation of his "bah!"
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

XXXII.

He patroniz'd the Improvisatori,
 Nay, could himself extemporize some stanzas,
 Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,
 Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as
 Italians can be, though in this their glory
 Must surely yield the palm to that which France has ;
 In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
 And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

XXXIII.

Then he was faithful, too, as well as amorous ;
 So that no sort of female could complain,
 Although they're now and then a little clamorous,
 He never put the pretty souls in pain ;
 His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
 Wax to receive, and marble to retain.
 He was a lover of the good old school,
 Who still become more constant as they cool.

XXXIV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn
A female head, however sage and steady—
With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,
In law he was almost as good as dead, he
Nor sent, nor wrote, nor show'd the least concern,
And she had waited several years already ;
And really if a man won't let us know
That he's alive, he's *dead*, or should be so.

XXXV.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman
(Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin,)
'Tis, I may say, permitted to have *two* men;
I can't tell who first brought the custom in,
But "Cavalier Serventes" are quite common,
And no one notices, nor cares a pin ;
And we may call this (not to say the worst)
A *second* marriage which corrupts the *first*.

XXXVI.

The word was formerly a “Cicisbeo,”
 But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent;
 The Spaniards call the person a “*Cortejo*”¹,
 For the same mode subsists in Spain, though recent;
 In short it reaches from the Po to Teio,
 And may perhaps at last be o’er the sea sent.
 But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses!
 Or what becomes of damage and divorces?

XXXVII.

But “Cavalier Servente” is the phrase
 Used in politest circles to express
 This supernumerary slave, who stays
 Close to the lady as a part of dress,
 Her word the only law which he obeys.
 His is no sinecure, as you may guess;
 Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,
 And carries fan, and tippet, gloves, and shawl.

¹ “Cortejo” is pronounced “Corte~~h~~o,” with an aspirate according to the Arabesque guttural. It means what there

XXXVIII.

For all these sinful doings, I must say,
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the Sun shine every day,
And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree
Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play,
Or melodrame, which people flock to see,
When the first act is ended by a dance
In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XXXIX.

I like on Autumn evenings to ride out,
Without being forc'd to bid my groom be sure
My cloak is round his middle strapp'd about,
Because the skies are not the most secure;
I know too that, if stopp'd upon my route,
Where the green alleys windingly allure,
Reeling with *grapes* red waggons choke the way,—
In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice
is as common as in any tramontane country whatever.

XL.

I also like to dine on becaficas,
To see the Sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,
But with all Heaven t' himself; that day will break as
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forc'd to borrow
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers
Where reeking London's smoky cauldron simmers.

XLI.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we're oblig'd to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.

XLII.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
From the rich peasant-cheek of ruddy bronze,
And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,
But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

XLIII.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise!
Italian beauty! didst thou not inspire
Raphael¹, who died in thy embrace, and vies
With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,
In what he hath bequeath'd us?—in what guise,
Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,

¹ For the received accounts of the cause of Raphael's death, see his *Lives*.

Would *words* describe thy past and present glow,
While yet Canova can create below¹?

XLIV.

“England! with all thy faults I love thee still,”
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;
I like the government (but that is not it);
I like the freedom of the press and quill;
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we’ve got it);
I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when ’tis not too late;

¹ *Note.*

(In talking thus, the writer, more especially
Of women, would be understood to say,
He speaks as a spectator, not officially,
And always, reader, in a modest way;
Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall he
Appear to have offended in this lay,
Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonnets
Would seem unfinish’d like their untrimm’d bonnets.)

(Signed) PRINTER’S DEVIL.

XLV.

I like the taxes, when they're not too many;

I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear;

I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;

Have no objection to a pot of beer;

I like the weather, when it is not rainy,

That is, I like two months of every year.

And so God save the Regent, Church, and King!

Which means that I like all and every thing.

XLVI.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,

Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,

Our little riots just to show we are free men,

Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,

Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,

All these I can forgive, and those forget,

And greatly venerate our recent glories,

And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

XLVII.

But to my tale of Laura,—for I find
Digression is a sin, that by degrees
Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,
And, therefore, may the reader too displease—
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,
And caring little for the author's ease,
Insist on knowing what he means, a hard
And hapless situation for a bard.

XLVIII.

Oh that I had the art of easy writing
What should be easy reading! could I scale
Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
Those pretty poems never known to fail,
How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;
And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

XLIX.

But I am but a nameless sort of person,
(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)
And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,
And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils ;
I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
But verse is more in fashion—so here goes !

L.

The Count and Laura made their new arrangement,
Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,
For half a dozen years without estrangement ;
They had their little differences, too ;
Those jealous whiffs, which never any change meant :
In such affairs there probably are few
Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,
From sinners of high station to the rabble.

LI.

But on the whole, they were a happy pair,
As happy as unlawful love could make them ;
The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,
Their chains so slight, 'twas not worth while to break
them :
The world beheld them with indulgent air ;
The pious only wish'd " the devil take them !"
He took them not ; he very often waits,
And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LII.

But they were young : Oh ! what without our youth
Would love be ! What would youth be without love !
Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above ;
But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth—
One of few things experience don't improve,
Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows
Are always so preposterously jealous.

LIII.

It was the Carnival, as I have said
Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so
Laura the usual preparations made,
Which you do when your mind's made up to go
To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,
Spectator, or partaker in the show ;
The only difference known between the cases
Is—*here*, we have six weeks of “ varnished faces.”

LIV.

Laura, when drest, was (as I sang before)
A pretty woman as was ever seen,
Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,
Or frontispiece of a new Magazine,
With all the fashions which the last month wore,
Coloured, and silver paper leav'd between
That and the title-page, for fear the press
Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

LV.

They went to the Ridotto ;—'tis a hall
Where people dance, and sup, and dance again ;
Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqu'd ball,
But that's of no importance to my strain ;
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain :
The company is " mix'd" (the phrase I quote is,
As much as saying, they're below your notice) ;

LVI.

For a " mixt company" implies that, save
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
Of public places, where they basely brave
The fashionable stare of twenty score
Of well-bred persons, called "*the World*;" but I,
Although I know them, really don't know why.

LVII.

This is the case in England ; at least was

During the dynasty of Dandies, now

Perchance succeeded by some other class

Of imitated imitators:—how

Irreparably soon decline, alas !

The demagogues of fashion : all below

Is frail ; how easily the world is lost

By love, or war, and now and then by frost !

LVIII.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,

Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,

Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or

A blundering novice in his new French grammar ;

Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,

And as for Fortune—but I dare not d—n her,

Because, were I to ponder to infinity,

The more I should believe in her divinity.

LIX.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,
She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage;
I cannot say that she's done much for me yet;
Not that I mean her bounties to disparage,
We've not yet clos'd accounts, and we shall see yet
How much she'll make amends for past miscarriage;
Meantime the goddess I'll no more importune,
Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

LX.

To turn,—and to return;—the devil take it!
This story slips for ever through my fingers,
Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,
It needs must be—and so it rather lingers;
This form of verse began, I can't well break it,
But must keep time and tune like public singers;
But if I once get through my present measure,
I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXI.

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place
To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,
Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face
May lurk beneath each mask, and as my sorrow
Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,
Something shall leave it half an hour behind.)

LXII.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,
Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips;
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
Her dearest friends for being drest so ill.

LXIII.

One has false curls, another too much paint,
A third—where did she buy that frightful turban?
A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,
A fifth's look 's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban,
A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,
And lo! an eighth appears,—“ I'll see no more!”
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXIV.

Mean time, while she was thus at others gazing,
Others were levelling their looks at her;
She heard the men's half-whispered mode of praising,
And, till 'twas done, determined not to stir;
The women only thought it quite amazing
That at her time of life so many were
Admirers still,—but men are so debased,
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

LXV.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand
Why naughty women——but I won't discuss
A thing which is a scandal to the land,
I only don't see why it should be thus;
And if I were but in a gown and band,
Just to entitle me to make a fuss,
I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXVI.

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,
Talking, she knew not why and cared not what,
So that her female friends, with envy broiling,
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that;
And well drest males still kept before her filing,
And passing bowed and mingled with her chat;
More than the rest one person seemed to stare
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXVII.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany ;
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
Although their usage of their wives is sad ;
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad :
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,
Four wives by law, and concubines " ad libitum."

LXVIII.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
They scarcely can behold their male relations,
So that their moments do not pass so gaily
As is supposed the case with northern nations ;
Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely :
And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
Their days are either past in doing nothing,
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXIX.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism;
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;
Were never caught in epigram or witticism,
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—
In harams learning soon would make a pretty schism!
But luckily these beauties are no "blues,"
No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em
"That charming passage in the last new poem."

LXX.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,
Who having angled all his life for fame,
And getting but a nibble at a time,
Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
Small "Triton of the minnows," the sublime
Of mediocrity, the furious tame,
The echo's echo, usher of the school
Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool!

LXXI.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase,
The approving “*Good!*” (by no means good in law)
Humming like flies around the newest blaze,
The bluest of bluebottles you e’er saw,
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

LXXII.

One hates an author that’s *all author*, fellows
In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
One don’t know what to say to them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
Of coxcombry’s worst coxcombs e’en the pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquenched snuffings of the midnight taper.

LXXIII.

Of these same we see several, and of others,
Men of the world, who know the world like men,
S—tt, R—s, M—re, and all the better brothers,
Who think of something else besides the pen ;
But for the children of the “ mighty mother’s,”
The would-be wits and can’t-be gentlemen,
I leave them to their daily “ tea is ready,”
Smug coterie, and literary lady.

LXXIV.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention
Have none of these instructive pleasant people,
And *one* would seem to them a new invention,
Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple ;
I think ’twould almost be worth while to pension
(Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)
A missionary author, just to preach
Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXV.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gasses,
No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,
No circulating library amasses
Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures
Upon the living manners, as they pass us ;
No exhibition glares with annual pictures ;
They gaze not on the stars from out their attics,
Nor deal (thank God for that !) in mathematics.

LXXVI.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,
I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,
And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,
I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose ;
I fear I have a little turn for satire,
And yet methinks the older that one grows
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after,

LXXVII.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,
Which seems to say, "Madam, I do you honour,
And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay;"
Could staring win a woman, this had won her,
But Laura could not thus be led astray,
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

LXXVIII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,
A turn of time at which I would advise
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
In any other kind of exercise,
To make their preparations for forsaking
The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
His blushes make them look a little pale.

LXXIX.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
And staid them over for some silly reason,
And then I looked, (I hope it was no crime,)
To see what lady best stood out the season;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one, (the stars withdrawn,)
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXX.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,
At the next London or Parisian ball
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

LXXXI.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all
To meet the daylight after seven hours sitting
Among three thousand people at a ball,
To make her curtsey thought it right and fitting;
The count was at her elbow with her shawl,
And they the room were on the point of quitting,
When lo! those cursed gondoliers had got
Just in the very place where they *should not*.

LXXXII.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause
Is much the same—the crowd, and pulling, hauling,
With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,
They make a never intermitted bawling.
At home, our Bow-street gemmen keep the laws,
And here a sentry stands within your calling;
But, for all that, there is a deal of swearing,
And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing.

LXXXIII.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,
And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,
Discussing all the dances gone and past;
The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;
Some little scandals eke: but all aghast
(As to their palace stairs the rowers glide,)
Sate Laura, with a kind of comic horror,
When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

LXXXIV.

"Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
"Your unexpected presence here will make
"It necessary for myself to crave
"Its import? But perhaps 'tis a mistake;
"I hope it is so; and at once to wave
"All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake;
"You understand my meaning, or you *shall*."
"Sir," (quoth the Turk) "'tis no mistake at all."

LXXXV.

“ That lady is *my wife* !” Much wonder paints
The lady’s changing cheek, as well it might ;
But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,
Italian females don’t do so outright ;
They only call a little on their saints,
And then come to themselves, almost or quite ;
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling faces,
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

LXXXVI.

She said,—what could she say ? Why not a word :
But the Count courteously invited in
The stranger, much appeased by what he heard :
“ Such things perhaps, we’d best discuss within,”
Said he, “ don’t let us make ourselves absurd
“ In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,
“ For then the chief and only satisfaction
“ Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction.”

LXXXVII.

They entered, and for coffee called,—it came,

A beverage for Turks and Christians both,

Although the way they make it's not the same.

Now Laura, much recovered, or less loth

To speak, cries “ Beppo ! what's your pagan name ? ”

“ Bless me ! your beard is of amazing growth ! ”

“ And how came you to keep away so long ? ”

“ Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong ? ”

LXXXVIII.

“ And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk ? ”

“ With any other women did you wive ? ”

“ Is't true they use their fingers for a fork ? ”

“ Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive ! ”

“ You'll give it me ? They say you eat no pork. ”

“ And how so many years did you contrive ”

“ To—Bless me ! did I ever ? No, I never ”

“ Saw a man grown so yellow ! How's your liver ? ”

LXXXIX.

“ Beppo ! that beard of yours becomes you not ;

“ It shall be shaved before you’re a day older ;

“ Why do you wear it ? Oh ! I had forgot—

“ Pray don’t you think the weather here is colder ?

“ How do I look ? You shan’t stir from this spot

“ In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder

“ Should find you out, and make the story known.

“ How short your hair is ! Lord ! how grey it’s grown !”

XC.

What answer Beppo made to these demands,

Is more than I know. He was cast away

About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands ;

Became a slave of course, and for his pay

Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands

Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,

He joined the rogues and prospered, and became

A renegado of indifferent fame.

XCI.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
Keen the desire to see his home again,
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
And not be always thieving on the main;
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,
Bound for Corfu; she was a fine polacca,
Manned with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

XCII.

Himself, and much (heaven knows how gotten) cash,
He then embarked, with risk of life and limb,
And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;
He said that *Providence* protected him—
For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash
In our opinions:—well, the ship was trim,
Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,
Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

XCIII.

They reached the island, he transferred his lading,

And self and live-stock, to another bottom,

And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant, trading

With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.

However, he got off by this evading,

Or else the people would perhaps have shot him ;

And thus at Venice landed to reclaim

His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

XCIV.

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him,

(He made the church a present by the way) ;

He then threw off the garments which disguised him,

And borrowed the Count's small-clothes for a day :

His friends the more for his long absence prized him,

Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,

With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them,

For stories,—but *I* don't believe the half of them

XCV.

Whate'er his youth had suffered, his old age
With wealth and talking made him some amends ;
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.
My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finished, here the story ends ;
'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

THE END.

XXV

What a world and how much life the old age
 With wealth and rising tide from some ancient
 Though I have sometimes been in a rage
 I've heard the Ocean and he's always friends
 My pen is at the bottom of a page
 Which being finished, here the story ends
 It's to be wished it had been better done
 But stories flourish longer when begun

XXVI

And perhaps as directed by the will
 Of some old friend or some old friend's will
 And perhaps as directed by the will
 Of some old friend or some old friend's will
 And perhaps as directed by the will
 Of some old friend or some old friend's will
 And perhaps as directed by the will
 Of some old friend or some old friend's will

MAZEPPA,

A POEM.

MAZEPPA

BY LORD BYRON.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1819.

MARYA

A POEM

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1819.

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MAZEPPA.

" CELUI qui remplissait alors cette place, était un gentil-
" homme Polonois, nommé Mazeppa, né dans le palatinat
" de Podolie; il avait été élevé par le père de Jean Casimir, et
" avait pris des notions des belles-lettres.
" Une intrigue qui fut découverte avec la femme d'un
" gentilhomme Polonois, et qui fut découverte, le marqua de l'her
" bert au nez, et le cheval fouet, et le linge noir de cet état.
" Le cheval, qui était de pays de l'Ukraine, y retourna, et y
" porta Mazeppa, dont-mort de fatigue et de soif. Quelques
" paysans le recueillirent: il resta long-temps parmi eux, et se
" signala dans plusieurs occasions contre les Tartares. La
" supériorité de ses lumières lui donna une grande con-
" sidération parmi les Cosaques: sa réputation s'augmentant
" de jour en jour, obligea le Czar à le faire Prince de
" l'Ukraine."—*Voyageur, Histoire de Charles XII. p. 192.*

" Le roi fuyant et poursuivi eut son cheval tué sous lui;
" le Colonel Gleta, blessé, et perdant tout sa sang, lui donna
" le sien. Ainsi on remonta deux fois à cheval, deux le même.
" ce conquérant qui n'avait pu monter pendant la bataille."
Voyageur, Hist. de Charles XII. p. 216.

MANEPA

ADVERTISEMENT.

“ CELUI qui remplissait alors cette place, était un gentil-
“ homme Polonais, nommé Mazeppa, né dans le palatinat
“ de Padolie ; il avait été élevé page de Jean Casimir, et
“ avait pris à sa cour quelque teinture des belles-lettres.
“ Une intrigue qu’il eut dans sa jeunesse avec la femme d’un
“ gentilhomme Polonais, ayant été découverte, le mari le fit lier
“ tout nu sur un cheval farouche, et le laissa aller en cet état.
“ Le cheval, qui était du pays de l’Ukraine, y retourna, et y
“ porta Mazeppa, demi-mort de fatigue et de faim. Quelque
“ paysans le secoururent : il resta long-tems parmi eux, et se
“ signala dans plusieurs courses contre les Tartares. La
“ supériorité de ses lumières lui donna une grande con-
“ sidération parmi les Cosaques : sa réputation s’augmentant
“ de jour en jour, obligea le Czar à le faire Prince de
“ l’Ukraine.”—VOLTAIRE, *Histoire de Charles XII.* p. 196.

“ Le roi fuyant et poursuivi eut son cheval tué sous lui ;
“ le Colonel Gieta, blessé, et perdant tout sa sang, lui donna
“ le sien. Ainsi on remit deux fois à cheval, dans la suite,
“ ce conquérant qui n’avait puy monter pendant la bataille.”
VOLTAIRE, *Hist. de Charles XII.* p. 216.

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“ Le roi alla par un autre chemin avec quelques cavaliers.
“ Le carrosse, où il était, rompit dans la marche ; on le remit
“ à cheval. Pour comble de disgrâce, il s'égara pendant la
“ nuit dans un bois ; là, son courage ne pouvant plus suppléer
“ à ses forces épuisées, les douleurs de sa blessure devenues
“ plus insupportable par la fatigue, son cheval étant tombé
“ de lassitude, il se coucha quelques heures au pied d'un
“ arbre, en danger d'être surpris à tout moment par les
“ vainqueurs qui le cherchaient de tout côtés.”—VOLTAIRE,
Histoire de Charles XII, p. 218.

MAZEPPA.

I.

'TWAS after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year, 10
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die ;
 The wounded Charles was taught to fly
 By day and night through field and flood,
 Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood ;
 For thousands fell that flight to aid :
 And not a voice was heard t'upbraid

20

Ambition in his humbled hour,
 When truth had nought to dread from power.
 His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
 His own—and died the Russians' slave.

This too sinks after many a league
 Of well sustain'd, but vain fatigue ;
 And in the depth of forests, darkling,
 The watch-fires in the distance sparkling—

The beacons of surrounding foes—
 A king must lay his limbs at length.

30

Are these the laurels and repose
 For which the nations strain their strength ?
 They laid him by a savage tree,
 In out-worn nature's agony ;
 His wounds were stiff—his limbs were stark—
 The heavy hour was chill and dark ;

The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid :
And thus it was ; but yet through all,
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall, 40
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will ;
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

III.

A band of chiefs !—alas ! how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinn'd it ; but this wreck was true
And chivalrous : upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed, 50
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade—
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold ;

But first, outspent with this long course,
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,
And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane, 60
And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,
And joy'd to see how well he fed;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath the midnight dew:
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board;
But spirited and docile too;
Whate'er was to be done, would do.
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb, 70
All Tartar-like he carried him;
Obey'd his voice, and came at call,
And knew him in the midst of all:
Though thousands were around,—and Night,
Without a star, pursued her flight,—
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good 80

The long day's march had well withstood—

If still the powder fill'd the pan,

And flints unloosen'd kept their lock—

His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,

And whether they had chafed his belt—

And next the venerable man,

From out his haversack and can,

Prepared and spread his slender stock ;

And to the monarch and his men

The whole or portion offer'd then 90

With far less of inquietude

Than courtiers at a banquet would.

And Charles of this his slender share

With smiles partook a moment there,

To force of cheer a greater show,

And seem above both wounds and woe ;—

And then he said—“ Of all our band,

“ Though firm of heart and strong of hand,

“ In skirmish, march, or forage, none
“ Can less have said or more have done 100
“ Than thee, Mazeppa ! On the earth
“ So fit a pair had never birth,
“ Since Alexander’s days till now,
“ As thy Bucephalus and thou :
“ All Scythia’s fame to thine should yield
“ For pricking on o’er flood and field.”
Mazeppa answer’d—“ Ill betide
“ The school wherein I learn’d to ride !”
Quoth Charles—“ Old Hetman, wherefore so,
“ Since thou hast learn’d the art so well ?” 110
Mazeppa said—“ ’Twere long to tell ;
“ And we have many a league to go
“ With every now and then a blow,
“ And ten to one at least the foe,
“ Before our steeds may graze at ease
“ Beyond the swift Borysthenes :
“ And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
“ And I will be the sentinel
“ Of this your troop.”—“ But I request,”
Said Sweden’s monarch, “ thou wilt tell 120

“ This tale of thine, and I may reap,
“ Perchance, from this the boon of sleep,
“ For at this moment from my eyes
“ The hope of present slumber flies.”

“ Well, sire, with such a hope, I’ll track
“ My seventy years of memory back :
“ I think ’twas in my twentieth spring,—
“ Ay, ’twas,—when Casimir was king—
“ John Casimir,—I was his page
“ Six summers in my earlier age ; 130
“ A learned monarch, faith ! was he,
“ And most unlike your majesty :
“ He made no wars, and did not gain
“ New realms to lose them back again ;
“ And (save debates in Warsaw’s diet)
“ He reign’d in most unseemly quiet ;
“ Not that he had no cares to vex,
“ He loved the muses and the sex ;
“ And sometimes these so froward are,
“ They made him wish himself at war ; 140
“ But soon his wrath being o’er, he took
“ Another mistress, or new book :

“ And then he gave prodigious fêtes—
“ All Warsaw gather’d round his gates
“ To gaze upon his splendid court,
“ And dames, and chiefs, of princely port :
“ He was the Polish Solomon,
“ So sung his poets, all but one,
“ Who, being unpension’d, made a satire,
“ And boasted that he could not flatter. 150
“ It was a court of jousts and mimes,
“ Where every courtier tried at rhymes ;
“ Even I for once produced some verses,
“ And sign’d my odes Despairing Thirsis.
“ There was a certain Palatine,
“ A count of far and high descent,
 “ Rich as a salt or silver mine ;*
“ And he was proud, ye may divine,
 “ As if from heaven he had been sent :
“ He had such wealth in blood and ore 160
 “ As few could match beneath the throne ;
“ And he would gaze upon his store,
“ And o’er his pedigree would pore,

* This comparison of a “ salt mine” may perhaps be permitted to a Pole, as the wealth of the country consists greatly in the salt mines.

“ Until by some confusion led,
 “ Which almost look’d like want of head,
 “ He thought their merits were his own.
 “ His wife was not of his opinion—
 “ His junior she by thirty years—
 “ Grew daily tired of his dominion ;
 “ And, after wishes, hopes, and fears, 170
 “ To virtue a few farewell tears,
 “ A restless dream or two, some glances
 “ At Warsaw’s youth, some songs, and dances,
 “ Awaited but the usual chances,
 “ Those happy accidents which render
 “ The coldest dames so very tender,
 “ To deck her Count with titles given,
 “ ’Tis said, as passports into heaven ;
 “ But, strange to say, they rarely boast
 “ Of these who have deserved them most. 180

V.

“ I was a goodly stripling then ;
 “ At seventy years I so may say,
 “ That there were few, or boys or men,
 “ Who, in my dawning time of day,

“ Of vassal or of knight’s degree,

“ Could vie in vanities with me ;

“ For I had strength, youth, gaiety,

“ A port, not like to this ye see,

“ But smooth, as all is rugged now ;

“ For time, and care, and war, have plough’d 190

“ My very soul from out my brow ;

“ And thus I should be disavow’d

“ By all my kind and kin, could they

“ Compare my day and yesterday ;

“ This change was wrought, too, long ere age

“ Had ta’en my features for his page :

“ With years, ye know, have not declined

“ My strength, my courage, or my mind,

“ Or at this hour I should not be

“ Telling old tales beneath a tree, 200

“ With starless skies my canopy.

“ But let me on : Theresa’s form—

“ Methinks it glides before me now,

“ Between me and yon chestnut’s bough,

“ The memory is so quick and warm ;

“ And yet I find no words to tell

“ The shape of her I loved so well :

“ She had the Asiatic eye,
“ Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
“ Hath mingled with our Polish blood, 210
“ Dark as above us is the sky ;
“ But through it stole a tender light,
“ Like the first moonrise at midnight ;
“ Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
“ Which seem’d to melt to its own beam ;
“ All love, half languor, and half fire,
“ Like saints that at the stake expire,
“ And lift their raptured looks on high,
“ As though it were a joy to die.
“ A brow like a midsummer lake, 220
“ Transparent with the sun therein,
“ When waves no murmur dare to make,
“ And heaven beholds her face within.
“ A cheek and lip—but why proceed ?
“ I loved her then—I love her still ;
“ And such as I am, love indeed
“ In fierce extremes—in good and ill,
“ But still we love even in our rage,
“ And haunted to our very age

“ With the vain shadow of the past, 230
“ As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI.

“ We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh’d,
“ She did not speak, and yet replied ;
“ There are ten thousand tones and signs
“ We hear and see, but none defines—
“ Involuntary sparks of thought,
“ Which strike from out the heart o’erwrought,
“ And form a strange intelligence,
“ Alike mysterious and intense,
“ Which link the burning chain that binds, 240
“ Without their will, young hearts and minds ;
“ Conveying, as the electric wire,
“ We know not how, the absorbing fire.—
“ I saw, and sigh’d—in silence wept,
“ And still reluctant distance kept,
“ Until I was made known to her,
“ And we might then and there confer
“ Without suspicion—then, even then,
“ I long’d, and was resolved to speak ;

- “ But on my lips they died again, 250
“ The accents tremulous and weak,
“ Until one hour.—There is a game,
“ A frivolous and foolish play,
“ Wherewith we while away the day ;
“ It is—I have forgot the name—
“ And we to this, it seems, were set,
“ By some strange chance, which I forget :
“ I reck’d not if I won or lost,
“ It was enough for me to be
“ So near to hear, and oh ! to see 260
“ The being whom I loved the most.--
“ I watch’d her as a sentinel,
“ (May ours this dark night watch as well !)
“ Until I saw, and thus it was,
“ That she was pensive, nor perceived
“ Her occupation, nor was grieved
“ Nor glad to lose or gain ; but still
“ Play’d on for hours, as if her will
“ Yet bound her to the place, though not
“ That hers might be the winning lot. 270

“ Then through my brain the thought did pass
“ Even as a flash of lightning there,
“ That there was something in her air
“ Which would not doom me to despair ;
“ And on the thought my words broke forth,
“ All incoherent as they were—
“ Their eloquence was little worth,
“ But yet she listen’d—’tis enough—
“ Who listens once will listen twice ;
“ Her heart, be sure, is not of ice, 280
“ And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.

“ I loved, and was beloved again—
“ They tell me, Sire, you never knew
“ Those gentle frailties ; if ’tis true,
“ I shorten all my joy or pain ;
“ To you ’twould seem absurd as vain ;
“ But all men are not born to reign,
“ Or o’er their passions, or as you
“ Thus o’er themselves and nations too.

“ I am—or rather *was*—a prince, 290

“ A chief of thousands, and could lead

“ Them on where each would foremost bleed ;

“ But could not o’er myself evince

“ The like control—But to resume :

“ I loved, and was beloved again ;

“ In sooth, it is a happy doom,

“ But yet where happiest ends in pain.—

“ We met in secret, and the hour

“ Which led me to that lady’s bower

“ Was fiery Expectation’s dower. 300

“ My days and nights were nothing—all

“ Except that hour, which doth recal

“ In the long lapse from youth to age

“ No other like itself—I’d give

“ The Ukraine back again to live

“ It o’er once more—and be a page,

“ The happy page, who was the lord

“ Of one soft heart, and his own sword,

“ And had no other gem nor wealth

“ Save nature’s gift of youth and health.— 310

“ We met in secret—doubly sweet,

“ Some say, they find it so to meet ;

“ I know not that—I would have given

“ My life but to have call'd her mine

“ In the full view of earth and heaven ;

“ For I did oft and long repine

“ That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII.

“ For lovers there are many eyes,

“ And such there were on us ;—the devil

“ On such occasions should be civil— 320

“ The devil !—I'm loth to do him wrong,

“ It might be some untoward saint,

“ Who would not be at rest too long,

“ But to his pious bile gave vent—

“ But one fair night, some lurking spies

“ Surprised and seized us both.

“ The Count was something more than wroth—

“ I was unarm'd ; but if in steel,

“ All cap-à-pie from head to heel,

“ What 'gainst their numbers could I do?— 330

“ ’Twas near his castle, far away
“ From city or from succour near,
“ And almost on the break of day ;
“ I did not think to see another,
“ My moments seem’d reduced to few ;
“ And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
“ And, it may be, a saint or two,
“ As I resign’d me to my fate,
“ They led me to the castle gate :
“ Theresa’s doom I never knew, 340
“ Our lot was henceforth separate.—
“ An angry man, ye may opine,
“ Was he, the proud Count Palatine ;
“ And he had reason good to be,
“ But he was most enraged lest such
“ An accident should chance to touch
“ Upon his future pedigree ;
“ Nor less amazed, that such a blot
“ His noble ’scutcheon should have got,
“ While he was highest of his line ; 350
“ Because unto himself he seem’d
“ The first of men, nor less he deem’d
“ In others’ eyes, and most in mine.

“ ’S death ! with a *page*—perchance a king
“ Had reconciled him to the thing ;
“ But with a stripling of a page—
“ I felt—but cannot paint his rage.

IX.

“ ‘ Bring forth the horse ! ’—the horse was brought ;
“ In truth, he was a noble steed,
“ A Tartar of the Ukraine breed, 360
“ Who look’d as though the speed of thought
“ Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,
“ Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
“ With spur and bridle undefiled—
“ ’Twas but a day he had been caught ;
“ And snorting, with erected mane,
“ And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
“ In the full foam of wrath and dread
“ To me the desert-born was led :
“ They bound me on, that menial throng, 370
“ Upon his back with many a thong ;
“ Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
“ Away !—away !—and on we dash !—
“ Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X.

“ Away !—away !—My breath was gone—

“ I saw not where he hurried on :

“ ’Twas scarcely yet the break of day,

“ And on he foam’d—away !—away !—

“ The last of human sounds which rose,

“ As I was darted from my foes,

380

“ Was the wild shout of savage laughter,

“ Which on the wind came roaring after

“ A moment from that rabble rout :

“ With sudden wrath I wrench’d my head,

“ And snapp’d the cord, which to the mane

“ Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,

“ And, writhing half my form about,

“ Howl’d back my curse ; but ’midst the tread,

“ The thunder of my courser’s speed,

“ Perchance they did not hear nor heed :

390

“ It vexes me—for I would fain

“ Have paid their insult back again.

“ I paid it well in after days :

“ There is not of that castle gate,

“ Its drawbridge and portcullis’ weight,

“ Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left ;

“ Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
“ Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
“ Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall ;
“ And many a time ye there might pass, 400
“ Nor dream that e’er that fortress was :
“ I saw its turrets in a blaze,
“ Their crackling battlements all cleft,
“ And the hot lead pour down like rain
“ From off the scorch’d and blackening roof,
“ Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
“ They little thought that day of pain,
“ When lanch’d, as on the lightning’s flash,
“ They bade me to destruction dash,
“ That one day I should come again, 410
“ With twice five thousand horse, to thank
“ The Count for his uncourteous ride.
“ They play’d me then a bitter prank,
“ When, with the wild horse for my guide,
“ They bound me to his foaming flank :
“ At length I play’d them one as frank—
“ For time at last sets all things even—
“ And if we do but watch the hour,
“ There never yet was human power
“ Which could evade, if unforgiven, 420

“ The patient search and vigil long
“ Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI.

“ Away, away, my steed and I,
“ Upon the pinions of the wind,
“ All human dwellings left behind;
“ We sped like meteors through the sky,
“ When with its crackling sound the night
“ Is chequer’d with the northern light:
“ Town—village—none were on our track,
“ But a wild plain of far extent, 430
“ And bounded by a forest black;
“ And, save the scarce seen battlement
“ On distant heights of some strong hold,
“ Against the Tartars built of old,
“ No trace of man. The year before
“ A Turkish army had march’d o’er;
“ And where the Spahi’s hoof hath trod,
“ The verdure flies the bloody sod:—
“ The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
“ And a low breeze crept moaning by— 440
“ I could have answer’d with a sigh—

“ But fast we fled, away, away—
“ And I could neither sigh nor pray ;
“ And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
“ Upon the courser’s bristling mane ;
“ But, snorting still with rage and fear,
“ He flew upon his far career :
“ At times I almost thought, indeed,
“ He must have slacken’d in his speed ;
“ But no—my bound and slender frame 450
 “ Was nothing to his angry might,
“ And merely like a spur became :
“ Each motion which I made to free
“ My swoln limbs from their agony
 “ Increased his fury and affright :
“ I tried my voice,—’twas faint and low,
“ But yet he swerved as from a blow ;
“ And, starting to each accent, sprang
“ As from a sudden trumpet’s clang :
“ Meantime my cords were wet with gore, 460
“ Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o’er ;
“ And in my tongue the thirst became
“ A something fierier far than flame.

XII.

“ We near’d the wild wood—’twas so wide,
“ I saw no bounds on either side;
“ ’Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
“ That bent not to the roughest breeze
“ Which howls down from Siberia’s waste,
“ And strips the forest in its haste,—
“ But these were few, and far between 470
“ Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
“ Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
“ Ere strown by those autumnal eves
“ That nip the forest’s foliage dead,
“ Discolour’d with a lifeless red,
“ Which stands thereon like stiffen’d gore
“ Upon the slain when battle’s o’er,
“ And some long winter’s night hath shed
“ Its frost o’er every tombless head,
“ So cold and stark the raven’s beak 480
“ May peck unpierced each frozen cheek :
“ ’Twas a wild waste of underwood,
“ And here and there a chestnut stood,

“ The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;

“ But far apart—and well it were,

“ Or else a different lot were mine—

“ The boughs gave way, and did not tear

“ My limbs ; and I found strength to bear

“ My wounds, already scarr’d with cold—

“ My bonds forbade to loose my hold. 490

“ We rustled through the leaves like wind,

“ Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind ;

“ By night I heard them on the track,

“ Their troop came hard upon our back,

“ With their long gallop, which can tire

“ The hound’s deep hate, and hunter’s fire :

“ Where’er we flew they follow’d on,

“ Nor left us with the morning sun ;

“ Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,

“ At day-break winding through the wood, 500

“ And through the night had heard their feet

“ Their stealing, rustling step repeat.

“ Oh ! how I wish’d for spear or sword,

“ At least to die amidst the horde,

- “ And perish—if it must be so—
 “ At bay, destroying many a foe.
 “ When first my courser’s race begun,
 “ I wish’d the goal already won ;
 “ But now I doubted strength and speed.
 “ Vain doubt ! his swift and savage breed 510
 “ Had nerved him like the mountain-roe ;
 “ Nor faster falls the blinding snow
 “ Which whelms the peasant near the door
 “ Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
 “ Bewilder’d with the dazzling blast,
 “ Than through the forest-paths he past—
 “ Untired, untamed, and worse than wild ;
 “ All furious as a favour’d child
 “ Balk’d of its wish ; or fiercer still—
 “ A woman piqued—who has her will. 520

XIII.

- “ The wood was past ; ’twas more than noon,
 “ But chill the air, although in June ;
 “ Or it might be my veins ran cold—
 “ Prolong’d endurance tames the bold ;

“ And I was then not what I seem,
“ But headlong as a wintry stream,
“ And wore my feelings out before
“ I well could count their causes o’er :
“ And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
“ The tortures which beset my path, 530
“ Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
“ Thus bound in nature’s nakedness ;
“ Sprung from a race whose rising blood
“ When stirr’d beyond its calmer mood,
“ And trodden hard upon, is like
“ The rattle-snake’s, in act to strike,
“ What marvel if this worn-out trunk
“ Beneath its woes a moment sunk ?
“ The earth gave way, the skies roll’d round,
“ I seem’d to sink upon the ground ; 540
“ But err’d, for I was fastly bound.
“ My heart turn’d sick, my brain grew sore,
“ And throb’d awhile, then beat no more :
“ The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;
“ I saw the trees like drunkards reel,

“ And a slight flash sprang o’er my eyes,

“ Which saw no farther : he who dies

“ Can die no more than then I died.

“ O’ertortured by that ghastly ride,

“ I felt the blackness come and go, 550

“ And strove to wake ; but could not make

“ My senses climb up from below :

“ I felt as on a plank at sea,

“ When all the waves that dash o’er thee,

“ At the same time upheave and whelm,

“ And hurl thee towards a desert realm.

“ My undulating life was as

“ The fancied lights that flitting pass

“ Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when

“ Fever begins upon the brain ; 560

“ But soon it pass’d, with little pain,

“ But a confusion worse than such :

“ I own that I should deem it much,

“ Dying, to feel the same again ;

“ And yet I do suppose we must

“ Feel far more ere we turn to dust :

“ No matter ; I have bared my brow

“ Full in Death’s face—before—and now.

XIV.

“ My thoughts came back ; where was I ? Cold,

“ And numb, and giddy : pulse by pulse 570

“ Life reassumed its lingering hold,

“ And throb by throb ; till grown a pang

“ Which for a moment would convulse,

“ My blood reflow’d, though thick and chill ;

“ My ear with uncouth noises rang,

“ My heart began once more to thrill ;

“ My sight return’d, though dim ; alas !

“ And thicken’d, as it were, with glass.

“ Methought the dash of waves was nigh ;

“ There was a gleam too of the sky, 580

“ Studded with stars ;—it is no dream ;

“ The wild horse swims the wilder stream !

“ The bright broad river’s gushing tide

“ Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,

“ And we are half-way, struggling o’er

“ To yon unknown and silent shore.

“ The waters broke my hollow trance,

“ And with a temporary strength

“ My stiffen’d limbs were rebaptized.

“ My courser’s broad breast proudly braves, 590

“ And dashes off the ascending waves

“ And onward we advance !

“ We reach the slippery shore at length,

“ A haven I but little prized,

“ For all behind was dark and drear,

“ And all before was night and fear.

“ How many hours of night or day

“ In those suspended pangs I lay,

“ I could not tell ; I scarcely knew

“ If this were human breath I drew. 600

XV.

“ With glossy skin, and dripping mane,

“ And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,

“ The wild steed’s sinewy nerves still strain

“ Up the repelling bank.

“ We gain the top : a boundless plain

“ Spreads through the shadow of the night,

“ And onward, onward, onward, seems
 “ Like precipices in our dreams,
 “ To stretch beyond the sight ;
 “ And here and there a speck of white, 610
 “ Or scatter’d spot of dusky green,
 “ In masses broke into the light,
 “ As rose the moon upon my right.
 “ But nought distinctly seen
 “ In the dim waste, would indicate
 “ The omen of a cottage gate ;
 “ No twinkling taper from afar
 “ Stood like an hospitable star ;
 “ Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
 “ To make him merry with my woes : 620
 “ That very cheat had cheer’d me then !
 “ Although detected, welcome still,
 “ Reminding me, through every ill,
 “ Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

“ Onward we went—but slack and slow ;
 “ His savage force at length o’erspent,

“ The drooping courser, faint and low,

“ All feebly foaming went.

“ A sickly infant had had power

“ To guide him forward in that hour ; 630

“ But useless all to me.

“ His new-born tameness nought avail'd,

“ My limbs were bound ; my force had fail'd,

“ Perchance, had they been free.

“ With feeble effort still I tried

“ To rend the bonds so starkly tied—

“ But still it was in vain ;

“ My limbs were only wrung the more,

“ And soon the idle strife gave o'er,

“ Which but prolong'd their pain : 640

“ The dizzy race seem'd almost done,

“ Although no goal was nearly won :

“ Some streaks announced the coming sun—

“ How slow, alas ! he came !

“ Methought that mist of dawning gray

“ Would never dapple into day ;

“ How heavily it roll'd away—

“ Before the eastern flame

“ Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
“ And call’d the radiance from their cars, 650
“ And fill’d the earth, from his deep throne,
“ With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.

“ Up rose the sun ; the mists were curl’d
“ Back from the solitary world
“ Which lay around—behind—before :
“ What boot’d it to traverse o’er
“ Plain, forest, river ? Man nor brute,
“ Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
“ Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;
“ No sign of travel—none of toil ; 660
“ The very air was mute ;
“ And not an insect’s shrill small horn,
“ Nor matin bird’s new voice was borne
“ From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
“ Panting as if his heart would burst,
“ The weary brute still stagger’d on ;
“ And still we were—or seem’d—alone :

- “ At length, while reeling on our way,
“ Methought I heard a courser neigh,
“ From out yon tuft of blackening firs. 670
“ Is it the wind those branches stirs?
“ No, no ! from out the forest prance
“ A trampling troop ; I see them come !
“ In one vast squadron they advance !
“ I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
“ The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;
“ But where are they the reins to guide ?
“ A thousand horse—and none to ride !
“ With flowing tail, and flying mane,
“ Wide nostrils—never stretch’d by pain, 680
“ Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
“ And feet that iron never shod,
“ And flanks unscarr’d by spur or rod.
“ A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
“ Like waves that follow o’er the sea,
“ Came thickly thundering on,
“ As if our faint approach to meet ;
“ The sight re-nerved my courser’s feet,
“ A moment staggering, feebly fleet,

“ A moment, with a faint low neigh, 690
“ He answer’d, and then fell ;
“ With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
“ And reeking limbs immoveable,
“ His first and last career is done !
“ On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
“ They saw me strangely bound along
“ His back with many a bloody thong :
“ They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
“ Gallop a moment here and there,
“ Approach, retire, wheel round and round, 700
“ Then plunging back with sudden bound,
“ Headed by one black mighty steed,
“ Who seem’d the patriarch of his breed,
“ Without a single speck or hair
“ Of white upon his shaggy hide ;
“ They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
“ And backward to the forest fly,
“ By instinct, from a human eye.—
“ They left me there, to my despair,
“ Link’d to the dead and stiffening wretch, 710
“ Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,

“ Relieved from that unwonted weight,
“ From whence I could not extricate
“ Nor him nor me—and there we lay,
“ The dying on the dead !
“ I little deem’d another day
“ Would see my houseless, helpless head.
“ And there from morn till twilight bound,
“ I felt the heavy hours toil round,
“ With just enough of life to see 720
“ My last of suns go down on me,
“ In hopeless certainty of mind,
“ That makes us feel at length resign’d
“ To that which our foreboding years
“ Presents the worst and last of fears
“ Inevitable—even a boon,
“ Nor more unkind for coming soon ;
“ Yet shunn’d and dreaded with such care,
“ As if it only were a snare
“ That prudence might escape : 730
“ At times both wish’d for and implored,
“ At times sought with self-pointed sword,

“ Yet still a dark and hideous close

“ To even intolerable woes,

“ And welcome in no shape.

“ And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,

“ They who have revell'd beyond measure

“ In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,

“ Die calm, or calmer, oft than he

“ Whose heritage was misery : 740

“ For he who hath in turn run through

“ All that was beautiful and new,

“ Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave ;

“ And, save the future, (which is view'd

“ Not quite as men are base or good,

“ But as their nerves may be endued),

“ With nought perhaps to grieve :—

“ The wretch still hopes his woes must end,

“ And Death, whom he should deem his friend,

“ Appears, to his distemper'd eyes, 750

“ Arrived to rob him of his prize,

“ The tree of his new Paradise.

“ To-morrow would have given him all,

“ Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall ;

“ To-morrow would have been the first
 “ Of days no more deplored or curst,
 “ But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
 “ Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
 “ Guerdon of many a painful hour ;
 “ To-morrow would have given him power 760
 “ To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—
 “ And must it dawn upon his grave?

XVIII.

“ The sun was sinking—still I lay
 “ Chain’d to the chill and stiffening steed,
 “ I thought to mingle there our clay ;
 “ And my dim eyes of death had need,
 “ No hope arose of being freed :
 “ I cast my last looks up the sky,
 “ And there between me and the sun
 “ I saw the expecting raven fly, 770
 “ Who scarce would wait till both should die,
 “ Ere his repast begun ;
 “ He flew, and perch’d, then flew once more,
 “ And each time nearer than before ;

“ I saw his wing through twilight flit,
“ And once so near me he alit
“ I could have smote, but lack'd the strength ;
“ But the slight motion of my hand,
“ And feeble scratching of the sand,
“ The exerted throat's faint struggling noise, 780
“ Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
“ Together scared him off at length.—
“ I know no more—my latest dream
“ Is something of a lovely star
“ Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
“ And went and came with wandering beam,
“ And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
“ Sensation of recurring sense,
“ And then subsiding back to death,
“ And then again a little breath, 790
“ A little thrill, a short suspense,
“ An icy sickness curdling o'er
“ My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
“ A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
“ A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX.

- "I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
 "A human face look down on me?
 "And doth a roof above me close?
 "Do these limbs on a couch repose?
 "Is this a chamber where I lie? 800
 "And is it mortal yon bright eye,
 "That watches me with gentle glance?
 "I closed my own again once more,
 "As doubtful that the former trance
 "Could not as yet be o'er.
 "A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,
 "Sate watching by the cottage wall;
 "The sparkle of her eye I caught,
 "Even with my first return of thought;
 "For ever and anon she threw 810
 "A prying, pitying glance on me
 "With her black eyes so wild and free:
 "I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 "No vision it could be,—
 "But that I lived, and was released
 "From adding to the vulture's feast:

“ And when the Cossack maid beheld
“ My heavy eyes at length unseal’d,
“ She smiled—and I essay’d to speak,
 “ But fail’d—and she approach’d, and made 820
 “ With lip and finger signs that said,
“ I must not strive as yet to break
“ The silence, till my strength should be
“ Enough to leave my accents free;
“ And then her hand on mine she laid,
“ And smooth’d the pillow for my head,
“ And stole along on tiptoe tread,
 “ And gently oped the door, and spake
“ In whispers—ne’er was voice so sweet!
“ Even music follow’d her light feet;— 830
 “ But those she call’d were not awake,
“ And she went forth; but, ere she pass’d,
“ Another look on me she cast,
 “ Another sign she made, to say,
“ That I had nought to fear, that all
“ Were near, at my command or call,
 “ And she would not delay
“ Her due return:—while she was gone,
“ Methought I felt too much alone.

XX.

“ She came with mother and with sire— 840

“ What need of more?—I will not tire

“ With long recital of the rest,

“ Since I became the Cossacks’ guest :

“ They found me senseless on the plain—

“ They bore me to the nearest hut—

“ They brought me into life again—

“ Me—one day o’er their realm to reign !

“ Thus the vain fool who strove to glut

“ His rage, refining on my pain,

“ Sent me forth to the wilderness, 850

“ Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,

“ To pass the desert to a throne,—

“ What mortal his own doom may guess?—

“ Let none despond, let none despair !

“ To-morrow the Borysthenes

“ May see our coursers graze at ease

“ Upon his Turkish bank,—and never

“ Had I such welcome for a river

“ As I shall yield when safely there.

“Comrades, good night!”—The Hetman threw 860

His length beneath the oak-tree shade,

With leafy couch already made,

A bed nor comfortless nor new

To him, who took his rest whene’er

The hour arrived, no matter where:—

His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.

And if ye marvel Charles forgot

To thank his tale, *he* wonder’d not,—

The king had been an hour asleep.

O D E.

O D E.

Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the sea, all be
A cry of wailing o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do?—any thing but weep!
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers—on the shore,
The dull green ooze of the morning deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their rapping streets.
Oh! agony—that centuries should reap

"Come, good night!"—The Heron threw 860
 His wings beneath the oak-tree shade,
 With leafy couch already made,
 A bed not comfortable nor new
 To him, who took his rest whenever
 The hour arrived, no matter where—
 His eyes the hastening chambers steep.
 And if ye marvel Charles forgot
 To thank his tale, he wonder'd not,—
 The king had been an hour asleep.

O D E

O D E.

I.

OH Venice ! Venice ! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea !
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do ?—any thing but weep :
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam, 10
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are they to those that were ; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.
Oh ! agony—that centuries should reap

No mellow harvest ! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears ;
And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets ;
And even the Lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum, 20
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
The soft waves, once all musical to song,
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
Of gondolas—and to the busy hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
Were but the overbeating of the heart,
And flow of too much happiness, which needs
The aid of age to turn its course apart
From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood 30
Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
But these are better than the gloomy errors,
The weeds of nations in their last decay,
When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,
And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay ;
And Hope is nothing but a false delay,

The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,
When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,
And apathy of limb, the dull beginning
Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning, 40
Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away;
Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,
To him appears renewal of his breath,
And freedom the mere numbness of his chain;—
And then he talks of life, and how again
He feels his spirits soaring—albeit weak,
And of the fresher air, which he would seek;
And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
And so the film comes o'er him—and the dizzy 50
Chamber swims round and round—and shadows busy,
At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,
Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
And all is ice and blackness,—and the earth
That which it was the moment ere our birth.

II.

There is no hope for nations!—Search the page
Of many thousand years—the daily scene,

The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,
Hath taught us nought or little: still we lean 60
On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
Our strength away in wrestling with the air;
For 'tis our nature strikes us down: the beasts
Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
Are of as high an order—they must go
Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter.
Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
What have they given your children in return?
A heritage of servitude and woes,
A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows. 70
What! do not yet the red-hot ploughshares burn,
O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
And deem this proof of loyalty the *real*;
Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?
All that your sires have left you, all that Time
Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,
Spring from a different theme!—Ye see and read,
Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!

Save the few spirits, who, despite of all, 80

And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd

By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,

And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd,

Gushing from Freedom's fountains—when the crowd,

Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,

And trample on each other to obtain

The cup which brings oblivion of a chain

Heavy and sore,—in which long yoked they plough'd

The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,

'Twas not for them, their necks were too much bow'd,

And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain:— 91

Yes! the few spirits—who, despite of deeds

Which they abhor, confound not with the cause

Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,

Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite

But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth

With all her seasons to repair the blight

With a few summers, and again put forth

Cities and generations—fair, when free—

For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee! 100

Yet she but shares with them a common fate, to fall

Still one great crime, in full and free defiance,

III.

Glory and Empire ! once upon these towers
With Freedom—godlike Triad ! how ye sate !
The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
When Venice was an envy, might abate,
But did not quench, her spirit—in her fate
All were enwrapp'd : the feasted monarchs knew
And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,
Although they humbled—with the kingly few
The many felt, for from all days and climes —
She was the voyager's worship ;—even her crimes 110
Were of the softer order—born of Love,
She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread ;
For these restored the Cross, that from above
Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant
Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,
Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank
The city it has clothed in chains, which clank
Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe
The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles ; 120
Yet she but shares with them a common woe,

And call'd the "kingdom" of a conquering foe,—
 But knows what all—and, most of all, *we* know—
 With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

IV.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
 O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
 Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
 A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
 If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
 His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time, 130
 For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
 And in its own good season tramples down
 The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
 Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
 Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
 Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
 Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
 And proud distinction from each other land,
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
 As if his senseless sceptre were a wand 140
 Full of the magic of exploded science—
 Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,

Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep 150
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering:—better be
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee! 160

A FRAGMENT.

IN the year 1794, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Dorell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family—advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

Yet rear her own, unconquer'd and sublime,
 Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
 Her Euro-burthen that the haughty flag,
 The festing force of Alton's feebler crag,
 May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
 Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever
 Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
 That it should flow, and overflow, than creep 150
 Through the **FRAGMENT** **A**
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 And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering:—better be
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 Fly, and our current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
 One freeman more, America, to thee! 160

A FRAGMENT.

June 17, 1816.

IN the year 17—, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family—advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life, which I had begun early ; but my intimacy with him was of a recent date : we had been educated at the same schools and university ; but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my noviciate. While thus engaged, I had heard much both of his past and present life ; and although in these accounts there were many and irreconcilable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship, but this last appeared to be unattainable ; whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now, some to have been extinguished, and others to be centred : that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing ; for, although he could control, he could not altogether disguise them : still he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was

working within him; and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover: there were circumstances alleged, which might have justified the application to each of these causes; but, as I have before said, these were so contradictory and contradicted, that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil: I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other—and felt loth, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness; but I was young, and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that common-place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friend-

ship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively; and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me: it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I had observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: his answer, though I had partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise—he consented; and, after the requisite arrangements, we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell, which must from his

appearance have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled: his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue, yet he was evidently wasting away: he became more and more silent and sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him in his present state of indisposition—but in vain: there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I regarded as a mere party of pleasure, little suited to a valetudinarian; but I opposed him no longer—and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janizary.

We had passed halfway towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs

of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless track through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana—the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques—when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us, not a vestige of a town or even cottage was within sight or hope, and this “city of the dead” appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose:—contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial-grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent: the tombstones were mostly fallen, and worn with age:—upon one of the most

considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency—but he desired me to remain; and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, “Suleiman, verbana su,” (i. e. bring some water,) and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels, a few hundred yards to the right: the janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, “How did you know this?”—He replied, “From our situation; you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs: I have also been here before.”

“You have been here before!—How came you never to mention this to me? and what could you be doing in a place where no one would remain a moment longer than they could help it?”

To this question I received no answer. In the mean time Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The

quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent—and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began.

“This is the end of my journey, and of my life—I
“came here to die: but I have a request to make, a
“command—for such my last words must be—You
“will observe it?”

“Most certainly; but have better hopes.”

“I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this—conceal my
“death from every human being.”

“I hope there will be no occasion; that you will re-
“cover, and ——”

“Peace!—it must be so: promise this.”

“I do.”

“Swear it, by all that”——He here dictated an
oath of great solemnity.

“There is no occasion for this—I will observe your
“request; and to doubt me is ——”

“It cannot be helped,—you must swear.”

I took the oath: it appeared to relieve him. He

removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded—

“On the ninth day of the month, at noon precisely
“ (what month you please, but this must be the day),
“ you must fling this ring into the salt springs which
“ run into the Bay of Eleusis: the day after, at the
“ same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the tem-
“ ple of Ceres, and wait one hour.”

“Why?”

“You will see.”

“The ninth day of the month, you say?”

“The ninth.”

As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sate, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be stedfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled:

he spoke—I know not whether to himself or to me—but the words were only, “’Tis well!”

“What is well? what do you mean?”

“No matter: you must bury me here this evening, and exactly where that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions.”

He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, “You perceive that bird?”

“Certainly.”

“And the serpent writhing in her beak?”

“Doubtless: there is nothing uncommon in it; it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she does not devour it.”

He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said, faintly, “It is not yet time!” As he spoke, the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment, it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell’s weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead!

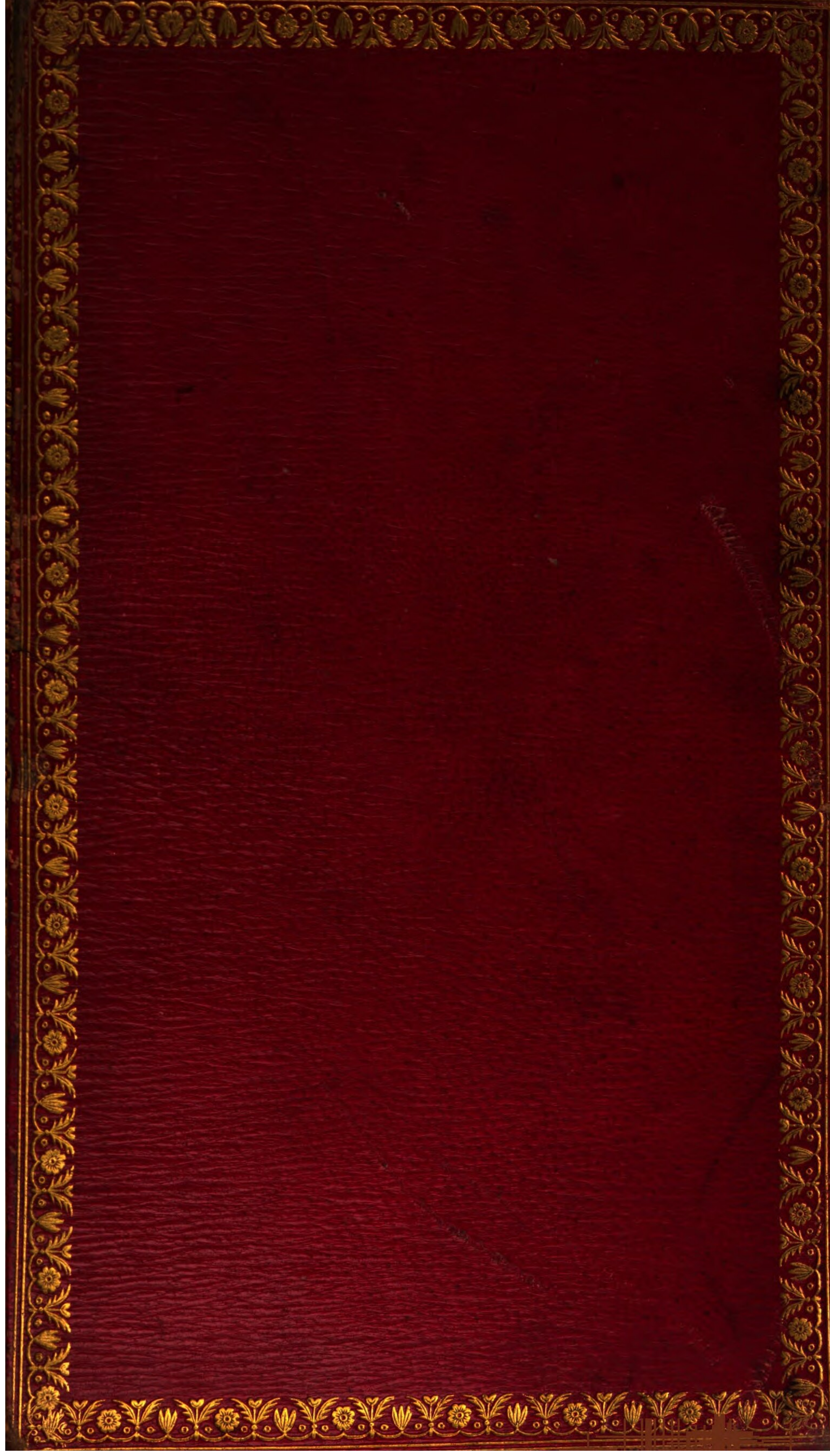
I was shocked with the sudden certainty which could not be mistaken—his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated: the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of the singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless.

* * * * *

THE END.

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Byron, George Gordon Byron

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage a romaunt: and other poems

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